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FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

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T R Bannerman 716 20th July 30

CATHOLIC—DOMESTIC.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Ohio was incorporated last week.

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The supreme officers of the Catholic Knights of America met last week in Fort Wayne, Indiani.

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Mgr. Michael May, Vicar-General of the Brooklyn diocese, died Tuesday night, aged sixty-nine.

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The new chapel of the Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, was dedicated February 8 by Bishop Phelan.

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Nine thousand sermons are preached every Sunday in the Catholic Churches of the United States.

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The church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Marinette, Wis. celebrated its patronal feast, Sunday, Feb. 17, in an elaborate manner. Bishop Messmer and Vicar General Fox assisted in the ceremonies.

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The Catholic priests of New York City have formally protested against any enactment which will legalize the selling of liqour on Sunday. The protest was adopted at a meeting attended by 1,800 people.

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Father Klawiter, of Chicago, is at the head of a Polish Catholic colonization scheme. A company has purchased 15,000 acres of land in Washington, and it is expected that there will be a big exodus of Poles to the new colony.

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The pro-Cathedral at Duluth has been reopened for services. Since the fire several years ago which destroyed the edifice, the congregation has worshipped in Association Hall. The Cathedral will not be dedicated until May or June,

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The Paulist Fathers are having missions for non-Catholics in their church at Fifty-ninth street and Columbus avenue, New York. Sermons explaining Catholic doctrine are preached. No Catholic is permitted to attend unless he brings with him a non-Catholic friend.

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Rev. Father Dalton of Kansas City is the recipient of a mark of high favor from His Holiness Leo XIII. who sent him a large picture of himself. It is intended as a gift for his silver jubilee which he celebrated a short time ago. Accompanying it is the Papal blessing for Father Dalton and his congregation.

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Right Rev. Bishop Gordon, S. J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, W. I., is at present in New York. Bishop Gordon is one of the few Jesuits who have been made bishops. His mission was formerly attached to the English province of the order but is now under the jurisdiction of New York.

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Almost every religious Order is getting out a periodical of its own nowadays—the Paulists have the Catholic World; the Jesuits, the Messenger of the Sacred Heart; the Dominicans, the Rosary; the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the Ave Maria; the Benedictines, the Alma Mater and the Panier, etc.

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Brother Tellon, formerly of the New York Protectory, has been appointed director of St. Francis de Sales' industrial school, Eddington, to succeed Brother Anatole, now at Belmead, Va.; Brother Alphanis as director of the branch house, South Ninth street, succeeding Brother Aratonian, deceased. Brother Gordian, an excellent elocutionist, has been made director of classes at Eddington.

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The Superior Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in New York will henceforth refuse admittance to subordinate branches that have liquor dealers among their members. In a circular to the parish organizations, it says: "We consider such men undesireable as members because their presence at the meetings or in the work of visiting the poor would not be edifying or judicious."

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The School Sisters of Notre Dame on Saturday, the 9th inst., elected Mother Casimira Schul mother-house superior; Sister Emerentia Eichlammer, first assistant, and Sister Borgia Meek, second assistant. Rev. P. M. Abbelen, spiritual director of the order, presided at the election, which was held in Milwaukee, and Rev. H. Niehaus acted as seceetary. The new superior is a sister of Brother Maurelian, and will have supervision over 150 houses in the western province.

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The Rev. Wm. J. Larkin is lying at the point of death in Providence hospital, Washington, D. C. Father Larkin is an ex-chaplain at Fort Sheridan, Ill., and Fort Lewis, Col. He was one of the pioneer missionaries in Australia and caused to be built there 105 Catholic churches. He has a bill pending before Congress for his relief, he having been placed on the retired list with one year's pay, and the bill aims at having him regularly retired.

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A mission for colored Catholics was begun last Sunday at the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, New York, by Dominican preachers in charge of the Rev. J. H. Slinger, of the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer. The attendance at the 10:30 Mass, when the mission was opened, was very large, the congregation being composed of colored Catholics from different parts of the city. The church is the only one in the city devoted especially to colored Catholics. The mission will last two weeks.

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Archbishop Kane of St. Louis, Mo., has placed himself on record as firmly approving the co-operation of Catholics and Protestants in temperance work. The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union invited the presence and co-operation of members of the Queen's Daughters and the local Catholic charitable organization. The officers of the latter organziation hesitated on account of differences in faith and consulted the Archbishop. His Grace informed them that it was his earnest request that they should accept the invitation and co-operate with the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union.

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In commemoration of the recent golden jubilee of the apostoleship of prayer, the American headquarters, which are located at the Jesuit establishment, New Yoak, have prepared a volume of the Sacred Heart Messenger for presentation to the Pope. This volume ie exquisitely gotten up, the cover being white pebbled kid, with the title in red morocoo. The front cover shows the Papal arms in gold, and the back is also handsomely addressed. The edges are heavily gilded; and the book will be handed to His Holiness by Rev. Father Brandi, S. J., editor of the Civilta Cattolica. It was forwarded to Rome through Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J., who was lately called thither to take a place in the Vatican library.

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Bishop Curtis, of Wilmington, Del., and Father Mickle, of his staff, will begin a four-days' mission in a public hall at Onancock, Va., next Monday. It is said there is not a Catholic in this town on the Virginia peninsula, but we think it is safe to predict that the present enterprise will change that condition, materially. Bishop Curtis is a convert from Protestant Episcopalianism, a man of rare intellectual ability and prelate of apostolic zeal and energy. He has accomplished a great deal for religion and and the Church in that portion of the Lord's vineyard over which he has been called to govern. There are very few occasions of sufficient importance to entice the Bishop away even momentarily from arduous work within his own diocese.

ROMEWARD.

"Cardinal Vaughan, of the English Roman Catholic Church boldly confesses that the ordinary way by which Rome gains converts to her communion is, that when certain classes of the English churchmen are drawn into the ritualistic net the fruit ripens so that energy enough on the part of the Romanists to shake the tree will give them possession of that which seems ready to drop into their hands. The same spirit," observes the New York *Christian Advocate* (Meth.), "can be seen in the Roman Church here and the same hope. In this country, however, it expects to gain much as a reaction from the irreverence and laxity of discipline and doctrine which it claims are increasing in the Protestant Churches with rapidity." If our contemporary will add that prejudice, the soul of past protestantism, is day by day being dissipated and that by the grace of God truth is prevailing, we can endorse all that is said. Indifference is the great obstacle to the spread of the Catholic Church in this country.

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GODLESS EDUCATION.

Our brethren of the Lutheran persuasion are as earnest as we are about the teaching of religion in schools. Lord Salisbury, the leader of the Tories in England and a staunch Episcopalian, is a strong supporter of parochial religious schools. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man, a fervent Anglican, declares undenominational education to be a "moral monster." Balfour, one of England's influential politicians, says:

"I myself am totally incapable of comprehending what religion is which is 'free from creeds and dogmas.' A creed is a formal statement of something you believe. A dogma is a particular proposition stating a belief. How can you teach anything religious or irreligious, sacred or secular, which shall not have in it something in the nature of creed and dogma—that is to say, definite propositions embodying what are believed to be definite principles? If it were possiple to teach religion without creed and dogma, religion would be different from every other subject of education, the whole of which consists of definite propositions and definite beliefs.

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PROTESTANTS ON THE ENCYCLICAL.

Pope Leo XIII. has never given greater evidence of the wisdom which has always characterized him. . . He sees that the crisis in the Roman Church which is inevitable—Spain and Austria tell him that no less clearly than Italy and and France—will be a crisis of victory or defeat according as the Church adopts and puts to use the strength of Americanism, and firmly holds in hand its weakness. There is neither weakness nor corruption in St. Peter's chair today, and there is certainly much of wisdom, much—we may be glad to recognize without any disparagement of Protestant principles—which is worthy of respect. . . The Church of Rome, with all its faults and all its errors, is a part of Christ's Church. It has done a glorious work in some periods of the world's history; we should not be Christians if we did not hope that it may yet have a glorious work to do.—[N. Y. Evangelist (Presby).

It is gratifying that the function of the newspaper, and especially of the religious newspaper, has received the sanction of this high ecclesiastic. The words of the Pope contain good advice for the clergy and laity of all denominations, and may be read with edification by members of the English and American as well as of the Roman Church.—[N. Y. Churchman (Epis.)

The encyclical is moderate, pacific and conciliatory. It is of more interest to Catholics than to non-Catholics, because it chiefly relates to the condition and administration of the Catholic Church in America. —[Boston Christian Register, (Unitarian.)

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In this case the primary object appears to be to soothe any Episcopal sensibilities that may have been ruffled by the appointment or by the actions of the Papal Delegate. We have heretofore expressed the opinion, which has not been changed by the utterances either of the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Western New York or of the Nebraska legislature, that, upon the whole, the sojourn here of Mgr. Satolli has been beneficial to the Church, and by no means injurious to the country.—[N. Y. Times.

PERSONAL—MENTION.

Paradis—Father Paradis, the noted missionary is at Lake Minden, Mich., making final arrangements for the transportation of 572 French Canadian families to Canada.

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Roblet—Father Roblet, a prominent personage in Madagascar, has labored on the island for forty years, and is very popular with the natives. He traveled all over the country on foot.

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Baldwin—Rev. Norbett Baldwin, O. M. C., died at Terre Haute Tuesday under the surgeon's knife. He was assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Church in that city. His former home was at Hoboken, N. Y,

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Lyman—By the will of the late Father Lyman of the diocese of Baltimore, $5,000 is left to the Catholic University at Washington, together with a valuable painting, "The Entombment of Christ."

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Mertel—Through the death of Cardinal Deprez, his Eminence Cardinal Mertel has become the *doyen* of the Sacred college. Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, is the youngest member of that body.

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Morrill—Col. and Mrs. Morrill of Philadelphia have given to the Christian Brothers as a school for colored youths, the Belmont estate in Powhattan county, Virginia, containing 1700 acres, of which 1100 are under cultivation.

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Rebholz—Rev. Silvan Rebholz, pastor of Sandusky, Ohio, on Monday of last week celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood. A large number of distinguished ecclesiastics were present on the occasion.

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Satolli—Mgr. Francis Satolli, the Papal Delegate; Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and Vicars-General John M. Farley and Joseph F. Mooney, of New York, have recently been elected honorary members of the New York Catholic club. All four have sent letters of acceptance.

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Faure—The baptismal register of the new French President has been discovered. He was baptised in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Paris. Pere Didon, the well knowu Dominican, in a recent audience with the Holy Father, declared that the choice was an excellent one for the good of religion. There was never the slightest foundation for the report that he was a Protestant.

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Gill—Mr. T. P. Gill, ex. M. P. for Louth, has been seriously ill at his residence in London. He is suffering from typhoid fever, which is aggravated by the effects of overwork. Mr. Gill is one of the most active journalists in London. and his illness is the cause of sincere regret to a wide circle of friends. Mr. Gill is well known in newspaper work. He was for some time editor of the Catholic World.

CATHOLIC—FOREIGN.

The Pope has sent a protest to the Russian Minister at the arrest of fourteen Catholic priests in Poland who are accused of anti-dynasty tendencies.

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On Sunday, His Holiness received 400 Italian pilgrims, and spoke to each of them. The reception lasted an hour. The health of the Pope shows improvement.

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The days have not yet passed by when kings and queens come to lay their offerings at Mary's shrines. The pious Spanish Queen Christiana lately sent a rich opal ring to Our Lady's Chapel at Almudeada.

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An important work, in which Cardinal Bourret and other distinguished writers have collaborated on, will soon be published in Paris under the title of "The Vatican, the Popes and Civilization." It will be a history of the Papacy down to the end of the nineteenth century.

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The Roman Catholic Bishop of Tarsus says that since 1850, 200,000 people have returned to the Church in Armenia, and that sixteen dioceses have been erected there within the last forty years. This increase is fully as wonderful as the Church has enjoyed in many other countries.

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It is stated that the monks of the Great St. Bernard have engaged 150 workmen for this year to build a new and larger hospice, as the Aosta-Martigny Pass is becoming constantly more used, and is much frequented even in winter.

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The Catholic church has native priests in China and Japan. Bishop Cousin, of Nagasaki, Japan, states that he has in his diocese fifteen native catechists, eight religious communities, consisting of 180 Japanese sisters, engaged in nursing the sick and in teaching girls.

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Advices from Rome state that an arrangement has been decided upon between England, France and the College of the Propaganda, relative to an indemnity to be given the White Fathers for the massacre of members of their flock at Uganda. The missionaries are to receive $50-000.

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A despatch from Berlin on Wednesday announced the passage by the Reichstag of the resolution providing for the repeal of the law expelling the Jesuits from Germany. It is not expected that the bill will pass the Bundesrath, as opposition has always been manifested in high places.

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Mr. Douglas Hyde, the Irish Gaelic scholar, has written a book on the Irish-Gaelic literature of the last three centuries, and is about to print it under the title of "What to Read in Irish Literature." He has devoted special attention to the infinite number and complexify of the metres used by the Gaelic poets.

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Mr. Conan Doyle has written a one-act play for Henry Irving, which runs around a story of Waterloo. Conan Doyle is of Irish stock, and graduated at the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst, where Percy Fitzgerald, Bernard Partridge and other men conspicuous in arts or literature have passed through their curriculum.

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The Catholic Church in Russia is more than retaining its vitality. In 1872 there were in the Kingdom 914 conventual establishments with 8,-705 members; three years later, in consequence of the repressive legislation of the "May laws," over a third of the institutions were dissolved, but in 1894 we find 1,215 establishments, with 14,044 monks and nuns.

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Father Kneipp, the founder of the Bavarian water cure, is soon to issue a new book—"The Legacy." It is to contain his last message to his fellow beings on the subject of health. Although he is only in his early seventies, he says that he is too old to write any more. There are two of his water-cure establishments in this country—one in Wisconsin, the other in Ohio.

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The announcement of the death of the Rev. Thomas Cloney, P. P. Tagoat, which occurred at the parochial residence on January 24, will be received with sincere regret. The deceased belonged to a family which gave many of its scions to the service of the church. He was brother of Very Rev. Sylvester (Canon) Cloney, P.P., Castlebridge, and uncle of Rev Thomas Cloney, St. Peter's college, Wexford. and Rev. Syvester Cloney, C.C., Ferns,

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It is rather curious to hear of a rajah, a follower of Buddha, being decorated by the Pope; but, according to the Figaro of Paris, this has happened. His Holiness has sent to Prince Goyputee Rao, Rajah of Lahore, the insignia of a Commander of St. Gregory the Great. The Prince is a noteworthy benefactor of the Church and has especially helped missions and the Sisters of St. Joseph.

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During the past five years five institutions for the training of missionaries for work among lepers have been established as a result of the life of Father Damien at Molokai. They are the Damien Institute at Aerschot, Belgium; a central novitiate at Courtrai; a seminary in Germany at Simplevold near Aix-la-Chapelle; a house at Graves in Holland, and apostolic school at Hadzor in England.

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A beautifully illuminated address been presented by the parishioners of St. Mary's, Kilkenny, to their late Administrator, Rev. T. R. Walch, on the occasion of his promotion to the promotion to the pastoral charge of Freshford. The address is really a choice work of art. The lettering (which was executed by Miss M. Potter, Wellington square, Kilkenny, a young lady who has now won a great name for herself for work of this kind) is a marvel of skill and perfection.

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The increase in the number of Catholics in Denmark since liberty of conscience has been granted, has been phenomenal. In 1860 there were less than 700 Catholics in the kingdom, and 85 children attending Catholic schools. There are now over 6,000 Catholics, and 1,000 children at the Catholic schools. The great increase is not due to immigration, but to conversions among all classes, noble and workingmen alike. A number of Lutheran clergymen are among the most recent conversions.

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The presents made to Cardinal Richard on the occasion of his recent golden jubilee amounted, in money, to upwards of $20,000, a very eloquent evidence of the love and esteem in which the archbishop is held by his flock. Monsignor Richard had announced before the celebration that he would accept no presents for himself, but would devote whatever offerings were made him to the decoration of the church at Montmartre, in which he will have a handsome altar placed now, as the gift of his people and as a commemoration of the jubilee which he lately celebrated.

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Cardinal Vaughan is determined that the new cathedral which he is going to build at Westminster shall be worthy of England's leading Catholic see. He has sent the architect, who is to supervise the building of the edifice, to Rome in order that he may study the famous churcnes of that city before drawing his plans. It will probably be years before the new Westminster cathedral will be ready for dedication and divine services, but the manner wherein the cardinal is preparing for its construction promises well for the beauty, grandeur and solidity of the edifice.

Christianity in Japan.

At a moment when all eyes are turned to Japan the following excerpts from a most interesting article in the present February Rosary Magazine will be appreciated by our readers:

Japan, a disfigurement of Marco Polo's Zipangu, the native name of which is Dai Nihon, or Dai Nippon, Land of the Rising Sun, is just now attracting much attention. Its successful management of the present war with China, when everyone expected a crushing defeat by its bigger, older, and more populous neighbor, is in the nature of a veritable revelation. Not only have the Japanese the ownership, but they are familiar with the latest military appliances and principles, and in dash, bravery, doggedness, and discipline they duplicate the best military annals of Western civilization.

For centuries they proudly isolated themselves from other nations, with whom only in recent years they entered again into social and commercial relations, and within that period they have made such strides in art, sciences, industries, economics and policies affecting their own political, intellectual and social status as to merit the admiration of every student and observer.

There are two prevailing religions: the Shinto, or native faith, and Buddhism, introduced from China, A. D. 552. Shintoism excludes ritual, idol-worship, hierarch, priesthood, ethics, doctrine, and a future state, and exists only in the deification of heroes, emperors, and great men engrafted on the worship of certain forces and objects in nature. The popular sect of Buddhists recognizes a single, abstract being, not a living God; discourages asceticism and the celibacy of the clergy and cultivates the preaching of self-reliance. The upper and educated classes are agnostics, endeavoring to regulate their lives by the maxims of Confucius.

In 1245, Friar John of Plano Carpini, a friend and disciple of St. Francis, was sent by Pope Innocent IV. on a missionary errand to the great Khan, whom he found in camp at Karakorum in the heart of Mongolia. In 1253 the king of France, St. Louis, sent another Franciscan monk, William de Rubruquis, on a like message. These two Franciscans were men of shrewd, cultivated minds, and of acute observation. They both describe Cathay as bordering on an eastern ocean, and this offhand bit of information is the first important addition to our geographical knowledge to the eastward since the days of Ptolemy, who believed that beyond the horizon lay a vast unexplored land, "full of reedy and impenetrable swamps." Trivial though it seems, this piece of monkish intelligence—the fact of Cathay lying on an ocean—was the real inspiration of Columbus, and the impulse which launched his fancy out on unknown seas.

The islands of Japan, already known to Europe through the travels of Marco Polo, had been reached by the Portuguese only eight years before, in 1541, and Xavier while at Malacca had conversed with navigators and traders who had visited that distant coast. A Japanese named Angero (Hansiro), pursued for murder, had fled to Malacca in a Portugese ship. This refugee expressing a desire for baptism, was sent to Goa, and was baptized under the name of Paul of the holy faith.

Having carefully arranged the affairs of the seminary at Goa and of the missionary band, Francis Xavier set sail for Japan on the 24th of June, 1549, with Angero and his two companions in a Chinese junk belonging to a famous pirate, a friend of the Portuguese, who was forced to leave behind hostages for the safety of the apostle. After a stormy voyage they reached Kagosima, the native town of Angero, by whose influence Xavier was well received by the governor, magistrates, and other distinguished people. An admirable pietism had woven a mixed fabric of miracle and vision about the entire missionary career of Francis Xavier, and among other endowments has given him the gift of tongues. Enriched beyond common measure his life was with these wonderful evidences of God's favor, but we must not so far etherealize him as to make him unreal and mythical. As to the gift of tongues we know he thus writes with a very practical conception of the situation: "We are here like so many statues. They speak to us and make signs to us, and we remain mute. We have again become children, and all our present occupation is to learn the elements of the Japanese grammar."

Francis Xavier was favorably impressed with Japan. He writes that the inhabitants are frank, faithful, ingenious, and honorable. They had a passion for military life, were poor, lived on rice and a liquor distilled from it, and were contented. He notices with growing admiration that almost every Japanese could read, and he also remarks that the people are inquisitive, candid, docile, and accessible to argument. When he had sufficiently mastered the grammar and acquired a vocabulary, he began his mission. Angero had broken the ground among his relatives. There was no opposition. Xavier's preaching excited more attention than contradiction. His doctrines had a familiar ring about them. Why?

One of the curious documents of the "Epistolæ Indicæ," published at Louvain in 1566, is a short account of Japan furnished the missionaries at Goa by their first convert, Angero. This must have been written about 1549. In it he describes how the Japanese had already many of the doctrines of the Church—one God, the miraculous conception, the Trinity, Hell, Purgatory, Heaven, angels, and the worship of saints. These doctrines he writes, were brought into China from another land called Cegnico, Holy Land probably, and thence to Japan, five hundred years before. He had been told by an Armenian bishop that Christianity had been preached in China, and he conjectures that it might have been disfigured and dismembered by an impostor like Mahomet.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Approved by the Church."

To the Editor of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC:—

SIR: I looked with curiosity in the Monitor for a reply to the very pertinent question on the above, asked in the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC of the 9th inst., but found none. As, however, the objectionable passage has been suppressed, it is to be presumed your criticism produced the desired effect.

Second to none in my reverence for the powers that rule, and having much regard for the ready pen of the reverend editor of the Monitor, I, in common with several of my brother priests, regretted the unusual announcement that the Monitor was the only journal in English in the province approved by the Church.

Your criticism was very mild. "Approved by the Church" applied to publications, means the approval of Rome after careful investigation by theologians of a Congregation specially created for such work. Good and excellent as forthcoming articles of the reverend editor may be, he I am sure will be the first to realize that until they are published Rome cannot put its seal upon them. Commendation for what has appeared can alone be dealt out. Hence the incongruity of claiming such approbation for a daily or weekly newspaper.

Doubtless the editor wished the phrase to mean, the only paper owned by the Bishops of the province and recognized as their official organ. If report be true, it is a question whether all of its owners approve of the line of of conduct it pursues. A zealous parish priest said to me yesterday: "I take the Monitor and the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, but I must confess I prefer the latter." I do in like manner and agree with him.

And now that my pen is in, a short editorial of the Monitor apologizing for attributing to Rev. Father O'Neil ideas he neither expressed nor held, allows me to say a word about "plate" paragraphs in Catholic papers. If they are not anti-Catholic and are instructive, what possible objection can there be whether printed from plates or from our "own set-up type"? It can hardly be expected that all in your paper is to be the original composition of your staff. The Monitor sets you good example. Its present number acknowledges articles from the following secular papers: the Sun, the Atlanta Constitution, the Ledger, Tidbits and Vick's Magazine. None of its readers are troubled whether these be in its own type or not.

The Holy Father's latest encyclical to the Archbishops and Bishops of our own conntry annouuces a bleseed liberty which none have the right to curtail. Use it along the lines His Holiness indicates and you are all right. In doing good, I know how much an encouraging word aids. Mine may not be worth much, but at least it is sincere and hearty. You are supplying efficiently a want that is appreciated by many. There is plenty of room for the Monitor and the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC; hand in hand God's cause will be advanced by both.

Yours respectfully in Christ,
SACERDOS.

Sexagesima night, 1895.

The Money Question in a Nutshell.

We should have a triple legal tender: first treasury notes on the credit of the nation limited in amount; second, silver or treasury notes issued for silver unlimited; third, gold as it may come, all equal legal tender. There should be no such thing as bank issues of any kind, and no paper money but the one kind, treasury notes. Then, when gold would be exported, we could not have a panic, from that cause at least, for we would still have full legal tender, and that contraction is the most serious cause of panic we have to guard against, because its effects must be universal, from the nature of things, whereas any other crisis would be more local and less intense.

Let the principles be affirmed: (1) that we should be independent of gold exports; (2) that Congress should regulate the value of money by regulating the quantity, as far as lies in its power considering the effects of the policy of foreign nations; and (3) that Congress, excepting small change, should allow nothing but full legal tender to circulate.

Rights of Labor.

Dr. Rooker, Mgr. Satolli's secretary, delivered a sermon at the Cathedral in Baltimore Sunday, on the rights of labor, which he summed up as follows:

Men have the right to combine together, and to agree as to the value of their services; they have the right to exclude from their organization those who will not agree to their conditions; they have the right to refuse to work when treated with injustice; but they have no right to cause violence or disorder. The workman has the right to share in the wealth of his employer, created through his labor, but he has no right to destroy that wealth. He has not the right to interfere with the liberty of labor. The solution of the social question belongs to those with whom the government has entrusted the welfare of society. The wise, careful guardian cannot be found outside the church.

Watches Given Away.

Here is a chance for bright boys and girls to secure a handsome nickle, silver or gold watch by the expenditure of a little time and energy and a visit to a few friends.

The publisher of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC has made arrangements with a wholesale jewelry house of this city for a large supply of watches—good time-keepers and of pretty design. These we propose to distribute in a manner which will bring them within the reach of everyone.

Special blanks have been provided by which intending subscribers pay to the boy or girl canvasser 25 cents, and agree to pay 50 cents more any time at the subscriber's convenience within the six months, for a subscription covering that length of time. On receipt of the name, accompanied by 25 cents, the paper will be forwarded every week, and the publisher will wait for the balance.

As soon as ten names are secured and $2.50 paid at the office, the boy or girl canvasser will be entitled to an elegant nickle watch, suitable in size or either sex.

For twenty-five names, accompanied by $6.25, a beautiful silver watch, with cases handsomely embossed, will be presented to the successfuj canvasers.

And if that is not enough, for fifty subscribers, when accompanied by $12.50, a gem of a time-piece, with gold cases and best American works, will be given to the laborer.

For single subscricers for six months, when accompanied by the 75 cents necessary to pay for a six months' subscription, we will present a handsome illustrated, gilt-bound prayer-book of 190 pages, containing prayers at Mass and at Vespers, instructions for confession and Communion, etc., a most complete and useful little book. We have also on hand an assortment of pictures, 13x16 inches in size, comprising such subjects as the Sacred Heart of Jesus or Mary, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, Immaculate Conception, etc. These are also offered on the same terms as the prayer book and will be given until the present supply is exhausted.

Fish for Lent.

As usual with the approach of the Lenten season, Sbarboro & Co. have put in a splendid stock of all kinds of fiish, pickled, salt and smoked. These goods are of prime quality, and are sold at prices which place them within the reach of all. See advertisement on third page.

UNTIL DEATH.

Make me no vows of constancy, my friend,
To love me, though I die, the whole lifelong,
And love no other till thy days shall end—
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake. What love thou hast for me
Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To women's graves—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head
To shut away the sunshine and the dew.
Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses wave,
And raindrops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay
Than I; but, trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee night and day
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die! The violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss thy tears—e'en Nature's self forgets
But while I live be true!

A SALABLE BOOK.

When I had finished my cursory examination of the manuscript, I laid it down on the table, and shaking my head said:

"I am sorry to disappoint you, old fellow, but I should most strongly advise you not to try any publisher with this story. I don't think that there is the slightest chance of its being accepted anywhere. At the same time I must say that for a first attempt it does you great credit, and certainly if you stick to your work you will soon be able to produce something that will be successful."

I tell you that that book is going to be the biggest success of the year," answered Martin Ross, in whose rooms in the Middle Temple we were sitting.

We had been at Oxford together and had gone down about the same time, I to take my place on a newspaper and Ross to try his fortune in the city. Although undoubtedly sharp, he had succeeded in nothing, and I had been under the impression that he had emigrated, when that afternoon I met him in the Strand, and he told me that he had written a novel which was to make his fortune.

It was at his invitation that I had accompanied him home to look over the manuscript in question.

It was a very poor story, slovenly and amateurish in style and vulgar beyond criticism. I felt sorry to have to discourage him, but it was only friendly on my part to do so. I accordingly repeated, in answer to his remark, "I am quite certain that no London publisher would undertake that book, though I am sorry to say so."

He laughed and said: "'I never said that I should offer it to any publisher. I am not such a fool. I want all the profits myself. Why should I put the lion's share of them into a publisher's pockets? There are thousands in that book, and I'm going to publish it myself—that is to say, at my own expense—and I shall put it into the hands of one of those firms who publish on commission."

"My dear fellow," I cried, "do let yourself be guided by me and don't spend any money on printing that book. I don't believe that a hundred copies of it would be sold."

"No, not a hundred," he answered confidently. "A hundred thousand is nearer the mark, though I expect the sale to go much higher than that. I tell you that I am to make my fortune out of that book; that I have struck oil this time, and richly."

"But the style," I urged.

"Oh, I know that the style isn't up to much," he answered. "I'm no hand at literature, and, as a matter of fact, I took the least possible trouble over writing this book. I dashed it off on the typewriter in less than a week. But it isn't on its merits as a work of art that this book is going to sell."

"Well, as what, then?" I asked.

"Why does So-and-so's pill and So-and-so's soap sell? Because they are well advertised. Well, my book's going to be well advertised and accordingly will sell."

"I fear you will have to spend a very large sum of money to advertise that book into success," I remarked.

"I know exactly what I shall have to spend. Sixpence halfpenny per dozen copies, or a little over a halfpenny on each copy. Each halfpenny and fraction so spent will sell a copy. The book will be produced as cheaply as possible, and I calculate the cost to me at about twopence. Say that, with the advertising, each copy cost me threepence, which is above the mark, you may calculate what my profits will be on a sale of even 100,000 copies."

"You have hit on some novel mode of advertising the book, then?"

"You bet! The whole reason of my confidence in my success of this shocker is there."

"Would you mind telling what your plan is?"

"Well, if you won't mind, I'd rather not," he answered. "You see, I can't afford to give away the idea. You might talk about it, and then some other fellow might snap it up. Don't be offended and just watch the sales of 'A Disgrace to Society'—that is the title I have decided upon. They will make you open your eyes."

"Very well, just as you please," I said rather coldly, rising to take my departure.

I did not see Ross again for some weeks, for, though I called once or twice at his rooms in the Temple, I always found his oak sported. One day the inner door happened to be open, and through the letter slit I could see into his sitting room. There were six young ladies seated at a large table busily writing, and in front of each was a high pile of cards. Two large baskets, filled with similar cards, stood on the floor.

Business taking me abroad, I was not present at the birth of the book on which my friend had built such hopes, and, though I looked in the London papers, I could find neither advertisement nor mention of it. I was therefore rather surprised when, on landing at Dover on my return home, I saw quite a heap of the shilling volumes of "A Disgrace to Society" on the bookstall at the station. At the Victoria bookstall I saw another heap of the same book, and on asking the clerk how this book was selling he answered, "Like hot cakes." Driving home, I saw it well in evidence at various bookshops. It was evidently a big success, and I wondered rather enviously how Ross had managed to obtain this for so very worthless a production. I had purchased a copy at Victoria, and looking over it in the cab had had my first opinion of it confirmed. It was a wretched piece of work, and, moreover, disgracefully produced, badly printed on cheap paper and so carelessly bound that long ere I reached my lodgings it had come to pieces in my hand.

"However has he managed it?" I cried as I remembered the very small sales that my books, on which I had spent so much time and trouble, and which had been published by some of the first houses in London, had reached.

The mystery was solved to me as I looked over the pile of letters which had collected during my absence. Among these was a thin post card, addressed in an unfamiliar hand, upon which was written the following communication:

DEAR SIR—A sincere friend considers it his duty to point out to you that you are cruelly and scandalously libeled in a miserable shilling book called "A Disgrace to Society," published by Messrs. Anderson & Maitland. You owe it both to yourself and to your friends to take measures to put a stop to the circulation of these falsehoods about you.

A TRUE WELL WISHER.

Now, as soon as I had read this, having in the meanwhile forgotten all about Ross and his book, my first impulse was to rush out to the nearest bookstall and to ask for a copy of the work referred to. Then suddenly it flashed across my mind that I had the book in my pocket, and remembering what I had seen at Ross' rooms I began to understand the advertising scheme of which he had spoken so sanguinely, and which, according to what I had seen and my own impulse at the moment, I had read the post card, seemed decidedly an effectual one.

I happened to meet Ross that same evening just as he was alighting from a hansom outside a fashionable Regent street cafe. As soon as he saw me he rushed up and cried out: "What did I tell you, old chap? Is it a success, or is it not? We are printing the sixtieth to seventieth thousand at this moment."

"I suppose it is to you I owe this highly interesting missive?" I said, holding out the post card that I had received.

Ross glanced at it, and turning rather red said: "I didn't know that your name was in the directory, or I would have given instructions that you were not to be written to. Not that it matters much now that the success of the book is assured. Well, yes, that was the idea, and famously it has worked, as you have seen. We sent cards to everybody in the 'Who's Who,' in the clergy list, in the court section of the London directory and in the law list. Of course everybody who received a card immediately rushed off to the nearest bookseller to get the book and to find out how it referred to him. You see, everybody has more or less of a skeleton in his cupboard, and there you are, don't you know. A fresh batch of post cards is going out tonight. Tell me, what do you think of the idea?"

"I don't know," I said. "It's original certainly. Perhaps on the point of taste"—

"Oh, taste be hanged!" cried Ross. "Money is the thing to be got, and money I am getting. That wretched little book which I dashed off on my typewriter in a fortnight has already brought me in over £400, and I wouldn't sell my interest in it at present for twice as much again. And then look what a start it gives me as a literary fellow. Won't the publishers be after me soon, Ross, the author of the book which, without being advertised or reviewed in the papers, ran through over 100 editions in six weeks? I tell you my fortune is made, thanks to that happy thought of mine."

I said nothing and shortly afterward quitted him.

His sanguine hopes were not destined to realization, by a curious example of the irony of fate. On the very next day after I had met him a suit for libel was commenced against him by a clergyman in the north of England named Burrell, who, having his attention called to a libel on him in the form of a story in which the names were so thinly disguised as to be recognizable by any one of his acquaintances, and seeing in the story a malicious and grossly exaggerated version of certain circumstances which had occurred in his family, instructed his solicitor to commence proceedings. While these were pending the publishers, to reduce their responsibility to the lowest degree possible, suspended the sale of the book, in spite of the fact that the demand for copies increased daily. Very heavy damages were claimed by the plaintiff. The affair was, however, settled out of court, a settlement which left Ross considerably out of pocket by his first and last literary venture.

"I never heard of this fellow Burrell in my life," he told me mournfully. "The story, such as it was, came out of my head. But of course I couldn't go into court and give myself away. The laugh would have been against me."

And so no doubt it would have been.
—Idler.

The Cakes of Our Childhood.

It must be a common experience with us all to look back with something of wonder, even of humiliation, to the things in literature or art we once thought exquisite and of highest worth. The oratory we once sat under, the music we once sang or played, the engraving we used to buy and hang on our walls when we were 18 and infallible, how poor and cheap they often seem after a quarter of a century or so, during which we have read more, thought more, used our eyes more and drunk deeper of the "still sad music of humanity."—Macmillan's Magazine.

A GRAND Opportunity, TO MAKE MONEY

$5 to $50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

This is The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect $1.50 from each one, send $5 to the office, and retain $2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send $10 to the office, and retain $5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send $50 to the office, retaining $25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send $100 to the office, retaining $50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

NEW ONES IN LINE.

Dixon Benicia and Los Gatos are Heard From.

There is but little of interest to record this week in the contest for the handsome Ostensorium, which will ere long grace the altar of some church in this State. Nearly every mail brings expressions of choice for some church or other, and the list is steadily being added to.

Dixon has been added to the list this week by a resident of this city, who is anxious to see Father Lally's rebuilt church have a showing in the field, a record of 61 points.

Benecia also comes in with a small record—25 points—but that is merely a starter, so says the letter which accompanied the news. "We are greatly pleased here with the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC," says the writer, "and will do all in our power to extend its circulation. Everybody to whom I have shown the paper is delighted with it, and if the financial situation was a a little easier, I would have no trouble in sending you at least fifty names from here. Next week will, however, bring us nearer the top mark, I hope." As it is with Benecia, so it is with other places.

Los Gatos has also received a mention, but only with a small vote. A copy of the paper fell into a lady's hands there, and in ordering it for a short time she determined not to overlook her own town. This is probably only a forerunner of a large number from the city on the hills.

Returning to the subject of articles for church use, our first offer is to present a

HANDSOME OSTENSORIUM

to the church or chapel which shall be designated by our subscribers. In this and subseqent issues a blank will be printed on which each subscriber will be entitled to designate his choice, and for those who wish to increase their efforts by securing new subscribers, extra special blanks will be provided on which will be recorded their choice, as follows:

For one year's ubscripton	75	60 points
For six months' "	78	30 points
For four months	50	20 points
For two months	26	10 points

As these names are received the points will be credited, and the tickets deposited in a sealed box, out of which they will be taken in the presence of a committee, when the date of receiving the last subscriber under the offer shall be announced.

It may be surmised that under this plan, in consequence of the disparity in number of parishioners, or members of different churches, those having the greatest number will secure the ostensorium. In order to overcome this difference in membership the proportional plan will be followed. A careful estimate of the average number in each Catholic body working to secure the ostensorium will be made, and the one securing the largest proportion of the points received will, under the terms of this offer, be entitled to the award.

It would hardly be fair to pursue any other course, for in many country parishes every one might designate their own church, and yet not number over fifty, while in a parish with five or six hundred members, only one hundred might express their preference. Justice would, therefore, demand that the smaller place should receive the award. While the term parish or church is used principally throughout this article, any society or sodality, having a chapel devoted to their use entitled to the same privileges as a church.

For the benefit of our readers we have placed the Ostensenrium on exhibition in the window of A. Waldteufel, 721 Market street. For those who may not be able to see the beautiful present, awaiting an owner, the following description is appended:

The Ostensorium stands 26 inches high and is of most elaborate workmanship; rich chasing, mounted with jewels, including a row of brilliants around Luna.

The following is the standing of the different churches at noon Friday.

Alameda	301 points
Berkeley	224 points
Stockton	196 points
Grass Valley	76 points
Gilroy	66 points
Red Bluff	64 points
Dixon	61 points
St. Patricks, San Jose	54 points
St. James, S.F	37 points
Benecia	25 points
Virginia City	23 points
Los Gatos	12 points

MY CHOICE FOR

The Handsome Ostensorium

is.....Church

at.....

Mail or bring to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC,

Room 10 Montgomery Block.

San Francisco. [No. 3.]

Catholics in Hawaii.

The Rev. Dr. Quigley who visited the Hawaiian Islands twice on his way out and on his return says: "The prospects of the Church are very bright. At present the Catholics number 40,000, out of a population of 100,000. They have thirty priests and the good Bishop received me very kindly. The clergy are all French and belong to the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. By Papal privilege no other priests are allowed to exercise regularly the ministry on the Islands, though there are occasional visitors not connected with the society and Father Noel from Oregon is there at present.

There are several convent schools and a very large college conducted by the Brothers of Mary of Dayton, Ohio. There are several buildings and the grounds are spacious and well laid out and adorned with a profusion of topical plants and royal palms. The buildings are good fair structures. The institution is evidently prosperous. It received large sums of money from the government under Kalakaua and Liliukalani, neither of whom was a Catholic. There are nineteen brothers with a priest of their own. The pupils number over 500 and are nearly all native Hawaiians. Some, however, are not of unmixed descent. One very dark boy who was called up to speak to me said his name was McCabe. He explained that his grandfather was an Irishman.

It is usual to have an audience of about 6000 attending the instructions on Sunday at Honolulu Cathedral. The Church is a wide, long immense structure. The natives listen with the greatest attention and eagerness. One evening I had occasion to see an assemblage of one thousand native Catholics and it impressed me as a gathering of prosperous ladies and gentlemen well dressed and in excellent taste, of courteous manners, showing not only education, but culture and refinement.

The Bishop and priests talk hopefully not only of holding their own but of making advances. There are large accessions to the Church by conversions. Last year alone the Bishop confirmed 5000.

The Catholic clergy took no part in the late change of government but the same cannot be said of the preachers. They did their best to pull down the constitution and were hot advocates of annexation. Many well informed people told me that the majority of the natives is thoroughly dissatisfied with the present state of affairs and that a revolution is inevitable when any chance of success presents itself. It is currently reported that much of the time of the preachers is occupied in their solicitude fo the temporal welfare of their sons and daughters. The people see this and it is openly charged that it is not Hawaiians that the preachers are serving but their own interests and the interests of their families. It is well known that many of these men who are accustomed to denounce the temporal power of the Pope have made no little effort to destroy the established government of the country which gave them hospitality and to introduce a new government which many claim they are controlling. The Congregational Church Union is openly charged with being a species of Star Chamber which seeks to possess itself of all the government patronage and even to control the present Provisional government. It is no wonder that these actions are not only distasteful to the vast majority of Hawaiians, but are the subject of loud and just complaint.

There are more than 22,000 Japanese on the islands. Most of them came in under the contract law when their time was up, and have settled on the land or in the towns and have become in a large number of cases, citizens. Many of the Japanese are Catholics. I might mention a remarkable fact in this connection: Up to this time, the priests never had a prayerbook or cathecism in the Japanese language and they asked me to send them some. On my return I brought a number with me and I was informed by the priests that they were the first books of the kind ever brought to the islands.

For Holy Week.

The third edition of that popular work, "The Morning Devotional Exercises for Holy Week," has just been issued by A. Waldteufel, 721 Market street. Two editions of 10,000 each have already been placed on the market. These exercises were compiled by the late Father Harrington of St. Francis Church and are the form observed in all parochial churches. The low price at which the book is sold, fifteen cents, places it within the reach of everyone. It is gotten up in a very convenient style and printed from large clear type.

FROM AND ABOUT IRELAND.

At Omagh, there is quite a controversy in progress between the farmers and huntsmen over the barbed wire fence question.

The Nationalists of Meath are anxiously awaiting the passage of Morley's Irish land bill, which is calculated to stop the ravages of landlordism.

The Catholic temperance movement in Lisnakea is, says Fermanagh News, making good progress. As many as 200 signed the total abstinence pledge on a recent Sunday.

The Dublin Gazette announces that Right Hon. Luke Gerald Baron Clonbrock has been chosen to sit in the House of Lords of the United Kingdom, in place of William Charles Baron Carberry, deceased.

Mr. Gladstone, Lord Acton, Cardinal Vaughan, and others, will contribute some souvenirs of Cardinal Wiseman to a forthcoming volume by Mr. Wilfred, entitled "Wiseman's Life and Times," which will be published in London.

In the House of Commons the other day Mr. John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, announced that relief works for the alleviation of the prevailing distress were being formed in Ireland wherever necessary. The works were being organized, he said, chiefly in County Donegal.

John Redmond, leader of the Parnellites, brought forward in the Commons Monday his motion to amend the address by demanding that the government appeal at once to the country, inasmuch as they had failed the carry out their home rule program. The motion was defeated by a vote of 256 to 236.

Says the New York World: "The Queen says she is happy to observe a great falling off in the number of offences in Ireland. But unhappily she has no opportunity to observe any corresponding decrease in the unwillingness of her Tory Lords to treat the Irish as if they were fit for a free government."

In consequence of the action of the meeting of anti-Parnellite members of the Irish party in ousting Mr. T. D. Sullivan from the parliamentary committee, and electing Messrs. Condon and Abrahams as new members thereof, Mr. T. M. Healey has signified his intention to withdraw from the committee.

While the Leird steamer Shamrock, from Derry to Glasgow, with nearly 100 passengers and 200 cattle, was coming down Lough Foyle one night last week she failed to answer to her helm and struck, smashing several plates. As she was leaking badly she was run ashore in Clonmore bay, six miles below Derry. The passengers and cattle were rescued.

A man named Potter was recently released from Wakefield prison under peculiar circumstances. Last summer he was sentenced to five years penal servitude for stabbing a woman named Smith. It was later found that the injuries were self inflicted, and in December the women was convicted of perjury. Potter served over six months before he was released.

In the discussion in the House of Lords last Monday on Lord Ashbourne's protest against the dismissal of Mr. Moffatt, president of the Queen's College, Galwey, and Mr. Bourke, chairman of the Irish prison board, Earl Spencer, first lord of the admiralty, explained that both officers came under the civil service rule, requiring their retirement when they became 60 years old. He added that it is the opinion of the Irish government that Mr. Bourke is not the person who could smoothly carry out the projected prison reforms.

The lord mayor and the high sheriff of Dublin appeared before the bar of the House of Commons on Tuesday and presented a petition for the release of the Irish political prisoners.

The London Standard, commenting on the statement made in the House of Lords by Earl Spencer in regard to contemplated prison reforms, says that the earl was referring to projected changes in the treatment of Irish political prisoners.

WHAT IS POETRY?

It Is Music In the Cathedral of the Human Heart.

Poetry is music in the cathedral of the heart. Deep in the human breast there towers a noble structure. It stands apart from the beaten paths of the mind in a silent, hidden valley. The ordinary thoughts and passions hurry past the portal and know it not. They have not learned the "open sesame." Ego himself, ruler of the kingdom of the intellect, does not know the sacred spot. It is the mission of his life to find it, and having once found it he cannot remember the route by which he journeyed. He cannot return to it at will. Fate guards the way and rarely grants an entrance, yet every man at some time of his life happens upon it, and the fortunate reach it often. Though they are blindfolded by the way, their eager feet learn to tread the labyrinth. They are the poets of mankind, whose fancy gives sight to their feet.

At some unexpected moment a fair guide points the way, the doors swing open, and man enters the cathedral of his heart. Sometimes it is a strain of music of searching, thrilling sweetness that points the way. Sometimes it is a royal sunset. Sometimes it is a rapt and self forgetting prayer. Sometimes it is the hand of love, but oftenest it is gaunt sorrow. It is a stately temple. Its dome is as broad as the heavens, toward which the many fingered spires point. Its windows make of each sunbeam a rainbow Its aisles are silent. Its priest is peace. With hushed heart and reverential step man enters and is at rest. All that is material of him he leaves behind. Quiet and beauty possess his soul, and he floats in an inspiring dream. He listens, and now for the first time falls on his intent ear an occasional note in the harmony of the universe.

Half lost in distance, he hears the chorus of the morning stars, the birds, the waterfall, the trees. He feels a beauty and a purpose in the universe the mind cannot conceive. He feels above, about, within him a majestic kingdom to which his soul is kin. Almost he grasps the secret of creation. For one swift instant exaltation draws aside the dark, impenetrable curtain that has led skeptic man. "There is the end." He sees beyond a marvel too great for his still human mind. It passes, but it leaves with him awe, peace, hope. He feels that somewhere there is a celestial key that makes of the puzzle of life a kingdom where all is harmony, perfection, satisfaction. The great organ of his soul, tuned into speech by the master hand of beauty, bursts into melody.

And this is poetry.—Exchange.

A MORMON PUZZLE.

The System of Naming Streets In Salt Lake City Is Confusing.

In Salt Lake City they name streets as nowhere else on earth. For general confusion to a newcomer no other system equals it. In the long run it has its advantages, for it not only guides you to any street with pomp and ceremony, but it sharpens your hearing and encourages mental concentration. The street system of Salt Lake originates at Temple square, wherein stand the tabernacle, the general assembly hall and the temple which was 36 years in building. A wall 10 or 12 feet high incloses the square. The streets passing it were named East Temple, South Temple, West Temple and North Temple respectively.

East Temple street is the principal business thoroughfare of the city, and its name has been changed to Main street. The first street south of and parallel to South Temple street is named First South street. East of Main street it is East First South street; west of Main street it is West First South street. The numbering of the houses begins at Main street and runs each way, every house number having an E or a W appended, as 320E. Proceeding south each street that crosses Main is numbered in rotation, Second South, Third South, and so on, all being further divided into East and West. The same plan is followed north, east and west of the temple, and at a certain crossing the streets running north and south are divided for numbering, and each wing is given its prefix of North or South. When you start out to find a number on East Fifth South street, the same number on South Fifth East won't do at all, and if you are trying to find your way from a remote place on North Twelfth West street to an indefinite number on East Sixth South, between South Eighth East and South Ninth East, you would do well to start before dark and keep perfectly sober. Boxing the compass is child's play by comparison.—Kansas City Star.

Ethics of Horse Trading.

Chief Justice Peters in making a charge in a case in court removed a certain weight of responsibility from the shoulders of the horse jockey. He said that in driving a bargain it is allowable to use a certain amount of "trader's talk," in which the buyer is to believe at his own risk. "The law cannot hold a man responsible for everything he may say in driving a trade," said Judge Peters; "it cannot. It expects the buyer to use ordinary precautions, and if he gets cheated by believing all the chaffering indulged in by the seller he must necessarily suffer. The law steps in only in case of fraud, defined according to legal statutes."—Lewiston Journal.

His Sight Impaired.

Hogan—Those are two terrible black eyes yer got, Grogan.

Grogan—Yez ought ter see the other feller.

Hogan—How does he look?

Grogan—Oi dunnow. Oi cudn't see him.—New York Herald.

A Peculiar Pearl.

J. W. Jones of Robertson, Ky., has found a pearl on which is the perfect outline of a man's hand. Seen through a microscope even the veins appear. It is valued by experts at $150.

HONEY.

When bees wend forth in black, continuous stream
And steadily return unto the hive,
When all the air with humming is alive
From early dawn to day's last golden gleam,
Then it behooves to work and not to dream!
Up! if your honey store you want to thrive,
Ere hungry drones with robber bees connive,
That you may gather all the blossom cream.
Yet let me pause a moment on the brink.
Between yon flower calyx and its spoil
What labor interveneth! Only think,
What you deem play to bees and me 'tis toil.
Yet labor, perspiration, many a sting,
So I've the honey—cheerfully I sing!
—Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker in Academy

THE EARTH'S CRUST.

It Is Said to Be In a Constant State of Slight Agitation.

According to Professor John Milne, the crust of the great globe "upon which we li and have our being" is in a constant state of agitation, weaving in and out, up and down, like a circus tent in a cyclone. There are earth movements that are being experienced at all times and in all lands, but they are so slight from month to month and from year to year that they generally escape detection. In all the countries of Europe and in many of those of Asia, most notably Korea and Japan, these tiltings are so great as to be noticed even by the unscientific and inexperienced representatives of the lower castes. Germany seems to be the seat of greatest European earth crust agitation, Japan occupying a similar position in Asia. Of the above two countries Professor Milne says: "In both Germany and Japan a tidelike movement, too great to be produced by lunar attraction, has been observed, the ground being gently tilted once every 24 hours and sometimes twice, in which case the night disturbance would be greatest, and in all cases buildings, trees, etc., stand slightly inclined, like cornstalks in a gentle, steady breeze." In short, the earth is constantly breathing, so to speak, the crust marking each respiration by a gentle rising and falling, similar to that of the chest in air breathing animals. It is believed that a certain per cent of this earth crust disturbance is due to conditions similar to those which bring about earthquakes. This is especially true as far as it regards Japan, where it has been traced to the continual opening and closing of the broken strata in the main range of mountains.

Among other movements of the crust of our panting earth are the so called "microseismic" or "tremor storms," which are now defined as being long, flat earth waves, similar to those of an ocean swell. There may also be occasional disturbances in earth levels caused by earthquake waves, which quite frequently extend entirely around the world, although inappreciable to the senses of persons located only a few hundred miles from the "center of radiation" of the seismic shock.—St. Louis Republic.

The Arctic Ocean.

Lieutenant Colonel Sabine has noticed a striking resemblance in the topographical configuration of the northern coasts of America and Asia, the similitude beginning at Bering strait, whence a similar coast line is preserved, each having also an attendant group of islands, between which there is much similarity. These are the Parry islands pertaining to the first mentioned continent and the New Liberian group belonging to the latter. Even as to latitude these islands preserve a resemblance.

But what of the great interior of this polar ocean? This is all unknown. An opinion may be deduced from a careful inspection of a chart of the earth that this ocean has islands, and the fact that fowl are seen to penetrate toward the interior in great numbers is explainable on the hypothesis that they there find subsistence to invite them. On the other hand, they may fly directly across the polar area to similar parallels on the opposite side, and the fact that with the coming of the polar winter they come from the polar district is evidence that the subsistence, if there be any, is not so abundant as to tempt them to remain. Again, only the nocturnal tribes would or could endure the long polar night, and even if there were polar islands bearing abundant subsistence common instinct and experience might impel all the day fowls to leave.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Russian Proverbs.

The czar occupies a prominent part in Russian proverbial locutions. Many of these remind us of similar sayings current in western Europe. We give here some of the most original specimens: "The crown does not preserve the czar from headache." "Even a leprous czar is pronounced healthy." "Even the dead body of the czar decays if it is not embalmed." "The voice of the czar finds an echo, even though there be no mountains near." "A teardrop in the czar's eye costs the country a good many pocket handkerchiefs." "When the czar writes verses, woe to the poets!" "What the czar fails to achieve, time will bring to pass." "Even the czar's cows bring forth nothing but calves." "When the czar has the smallpox, the country carries the marks of the disease." "If the czar presents you with an egg, he demands a fowl in return."—Kreuz-Zeitung.

Remedy For Chafed Surfaces.

An experienced mother recommends the following recipe for an ointment to be applied to chafed surfaces, cuts and chapped hands: Take equal parts of beeswax, fresh lard and sweet oil. Melt the beeswax, measure it, add the same quantity of melted lard and oil and stir constantly until the mixture becomes stiff. Put it in a box or wide mouthed bottle ready for use.—Ladies' Home Journal.

An old and good remedy for nervous headache, which is felt at the base of the brain, is camphor. It is most effective when applied to the part and rubbed for a few minutes.

Omaha is named from a tribe of Indians.

GROCERIES

AT TH

Lowest Bedrock Prices.

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Angelica, 75c. $1 and $1 50 gal.
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of February.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

St. Ignatius Church, San Francisco.

St. Claire's Church, Santa Clara.

CALENDAR

For the We k Ending Saturday, March 2nd 1894

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Feb 24th. Sunday—Quinquagesima—S. Ethelbert, K.

Feb. 25th. Monday—S. MATTHIAS, APOSTLE S. Walberga, A. b—A. I., B. M.

Feb. 26th. Tuesday—S. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent, O. S. F.

The grant of Plenary and Partial Indulgences to Associates by Pius IX.

Feb. 27th. Wednesday—ASH WEDNESDAY.—S. Leander, Bp. Seville.

Feb. 28th. Thursday—S. Oswell Bp. York.—H.H.

Mar. 1st. Friday—FIRST FRIDAY.—HOLY PASSION OF OUR LORD—S. David Bp., Patron of Wales.—B.B. Michael Carvalho, S. J., and Comp, MM.—1ST D. A.C.

Mar. 2nd. Saturday—S. Chad, Bp. Litch field England.

Mixed Marriages.

The Catholic Home Journal of Chicago, born this year under good ecclesiastical auspices, says in this its second number, that mixed marriages are "growing constantly in all classes of society and in every part of the country." It further adds, "that the tendency will continue to grow and that it is irresistible." It then speaks of the efforts which have been made to stem this current, and asks, "Is it of any use to continue longer in a pursuit of a course that has been futile?" It invites a discussion of the matter in its pages so as to "enable Wisdom to finally invent some means by which out of a present menace will come a promise of good."

To read this in a monthly journal which professes to be "established with the single aim of amusing, helping and improving the American Catholic home," is astounding. We had to read it over and over again, before we could believe we were reading and understanding aright. Surely for a Catholic, the first duty is to learn what the Church teaches on the question, and then by God's grace and avoiding danger to conform to it. Her injunctions on this matter are very explicit and have been frequently reiterated.

In 1858 the Holy See in an instruction to the archbishops and bishops of the Church teaches that she "has always reprobated these marriages, and has held them to be unlawful and pernicious; as well because of the disgraceful communion in divine things, as because of the peril of persuasion that hangs over the Catholic party to the marriage, and because of the disastrous influences affecting the education of the children." . . . "The more recent constitutions of the sovereign Potiffs relax the severity of the canons in some degree, so that mixed marriage may occasionally be allowed, this is only done for the gravest reasons and very reluctantly, and not without the express condition of requiring beforehand those proper and indispensable pledges which have their foundation in the natural and divine law."

Instructions of this kind have again and again been sent by the Holy See to the Bishops of Christendom. The principles therein laid down are but the pointed statements contained in the earliest definitions of Holy Church. The Council of Chalcedon held in 451 decreed: "Neither ought one who is marriageable to contract marriage with a heretic, a Jew or a Pagan, unless such a one promises to join the orthodox faith; so that an orthodox person may be united with one who is orthodox. If any one shall transgress this definition of the Holy Synod, he shall be subject to canonical correction."

Now it is no part of an ordinary power of a bishop or an archbishop to grant dispensations for mixed marriages. From the general law of the Church no local bishop has authority to dispense; this belongs alone to the Pope. It is therefore as a delegate judge, a bishop acts in giving such a dispensation, for which there must be grave reason as well as the promise of fulfilling conditions imposed by the Holy See.

To this matter we shall return in our next issue. We write now in the hope of turning the editor of the Catholic Home Journal from his purpose. The question is singularly delicate just now; but reticence and false delicacy ought not to prevent us defending the cause of Holy Church, the salvation of souls.

"I Overlook the A. P. A."

Monsignor Satolli being asked concerning the A. P. A., replied, "I do not care to discuss the matter. I look upon the organization as every other sensible Catholic does, I overlook it." People who heretofore have been duped by the pretended patriotism of this association, may be much enlightened by the following denunciation from "Professor" Sims one of its energetic members in the past. It is found in an open letter to President, Traynor, and surpasses the severest things said by Catholics of the A. P. A.

"1. Its secret partisan political methods are a conspiracy against the rights of American citizenship and a menace to honest popular government.

"2. Its constitution by which despotic power is vested in its officers is a violation of the constitution of the several states and of the United States and a menace to the personal liberty of its members.

"3. Its usurpation of powers such as are alone vested in the constitutional courts of the republic, and its refusal to allow its members to appeal from its actions to the civil courts, make it organized insurrection.

4. "Its so-called advisory boards in which are vested all the political action and liberty of its members, is a conspiracy to control their franchises of citizenship in violation of the constitutional and legislative provisions and laws for the protection of the independence of the citizen voter.

"5. Its claim to be a protective association of the liberal institutions which are founded upon the constitution under existing conditions is a misnomer, under cover of which it is organized as a secret political machine run in the interests of boodling politicians.

"6. As now constituted and controlled it is the enemy of free speech, a free press, liberty of conscience, religious liberty political independence."

The Valiant Woman.

So much is being said about the Woman of the Period—the New Woman of our day—it may not be amiss to reproduce the description of the Valiant, the Virtuous Woman, given more than twenty-five centuries ago by the divinely inspired writer of the Book of Proverbs.

"Who," says he, "shall find a valiant woman? Far, and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her. The heart of her husband trusteth in her; and she shall have no need of spoils. She shall render him good and not evil all the days of her life. . . . She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor. . . . She hath made for herself clothing of tapestry; fine linen and purple is her covering. Her husband is honorable in the gates when he sitteth among the senators of the land. . . . Strength and beauty are her clothing: and she shall laugh in the latter day. She hath opened her mouth to wisdom and the law of clemency is on her tongue. She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle. Her children rose up and called her blessed, her husband and he praised her. Many daughters have gathered together riches; those hast surpassed them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

This is the "woman whose price is far above rubies."

Ritualists and the Blessed Virgin.

One of the healthiest signs in the Ritualistic party of the Protestant Episcopal Communion in the United States is, the steadily increasing development of reverence, devotion and prayer to the Blessed Virgin. This indicates sounder belief in the great truth, that Jesus Christ having the perfect nature of man, has but one personality namely that of the Second Person of the most Holy Trinity. Our high-church brethren do not hesitate to put under the invocation of 'St.-Mary-the-Virgin' some of their newly built conventicles. Keble's hymn, 'Ave Maria, Blessed Maid,' is frequently sung in their services. Statues and pictures of the Blessed Virgin are introduced into their places of worship. Our Lady is talked of in their pulpits and written about with sincerest respect. And to crown all a good sprinkling of their clergy boldly urge prayer to the Mother of God in the very words we use. Every now and then individuals among them are met who say the Rosary. God grant that the patron of our country may lead them into the full light and obedience of Holy Church!

The appointment of a Catholic to the chair of Regius professor of Modern History in the great Protestant University of Cambridge, England, is a most memorable fact. It speaks volumes for the ability of Lord Acton, for the confidence of the Queen's Ministers in his Lordship's honest fairness in treating so delicate and thorny a subject, as well as for the absence of prejudice in the University Authorities.

Another fact of similar import seems to have attracted but little attention. In Presbyterian Scotland, the Marquess of Bute, a well known convert to the Catholic Church, was elected, and is now Lord Rector of the Protestant University of St. Andrews.

Both of these are men of distinguished and ripe scholarship. Two such appointments ought to do much to silence the stock-in-trade argument of third-rate anti-Catholic controversialists, that the Church opposes intellectual progress.

Patriotism seems to sit very lightly on the hearts of the daughters of American millionaires. Their fathers made their pile of gold by the horny hands and sturdy heads of American men. To preserve and augment these hard earned fortunes, the shrewd intelligence of Uncle Sam's sons is called into requisition. And yet these millionaire maidens cannot find an American worthy to be linked with them in holy matrimony. The love, and gold, and stars and stripes, are borne to the feet of some foreign noble. So much is said of the patriotism of our non-Catholic women and of our public schools, how comes it so many are ever ready to sell their republican birth-right for an aristocratic mess of potage? That Americans brought up and living in Europe should marry into their surroundings is explicable.

There seems to a popular misunderstanding regarding the demands of the public school teachers for a pension after twenty-five years of service. According to the law proposed, the teachers wish to assess themselves one per cent of their monthly salaries, and have paid into the fund, the amount deducted from the salaries of those who are absent. In San Francisco it is proposed to give twenty-five per cent of the amount received from dog licenses, which now goes to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, to this fund. As this society is growing rich on this and its other sources of income, and gives but little return for the money, the request of the teachers seems fair. If we pension policemen, whose opportunities for getting rich are numerous, veterans of the war who never smelt powder, and a dozen or more classes of people, but little entitled to consideration, why not let the teachers pension themselves, when all they practically ask is State custody and supervision of their funds.

Bishop Spaulding is reported to have said that female government has made us Americans, a nation of dyspeptics. Assuredly the substitute homes of America have begotten a brood of political vipers. Suffrage for women means doubling the vote of the masses, doubling the attendant corruption, doubling political rancour and carrying it into homes now blessed with peace and happiness.

WELLERTON: An enemy hath done this, St, Luke was not an Apostle; he was an inspired Evangelist,

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

Archdiocese of San Francisco.

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year are, unless legitimately dispenced, bound to observe the tast of lent.

2. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days of obligation on one meal.

3. By dispensation granted August 3d, 1887, for ten years, Flesh Meat is allowed at the principal meal on all days of Lent, except Wednesdays, Fridays, Ember Saturday and the Saturday of Holy Week.

4. The use of Flesh Meat and Fish is forbidden at the same meal, even on Sundays.

5. At the collation it is permitted to use bread, all kinds of fruit, vegetables and fish, and, by dispensation granted February 8th, 1887, for ten years, the use of butter, cheese, milk and eggs is also permitted.

6. The use of Lard is permitted in preparing food on all days throughout the year.

7. When the principal meal cannot be taken at mid-day it may be taken in the evening, and the collation in the morning.

8. All persons under twenty-one years or over sixty years of age, those who are engaged in hard labor, the sick and convalescent, and those who cannot fast without injury to their health, are exempt from the obligation of fasting.

9. Those who have any reasonable doubt as to their obligation to fast or abstain should consult their Confessor.

11. The time for fulfilling the precept of Easter Communion extends in the Archdiocese from the first Sunday in Lent to the end of the Octave of Pentecost.

12. The Rectors of the Diocese are requested to have Lenten Devotions in their churches on the Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings of each week.

PATRICK W. RIORDAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco.

N. B.—According to the decree of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, a collection will be taken up on the first Sunday in Lent at all the Masses, and at Vespers, for the Missions among the Indians and Negroes.

America's First Bishop.

Mgr. Seton, rector of St. Joseph's Church in Jersey City, recently read a paper before the New York Historical Society on "The First Episcopal See in America." Archbishop Corrigan and his secretary, Father Connolly, were present.

Mgr. Seton divided his subject, treating of the pre-Columbian and post-Columbian eras. After touching upon the history of the work of the Church in Greenland from the ninth to the fifteenth century, he said that the first episcopal see in America was erected in San Domingo in the early part of the sixteenth century. Alexander Geraldini, the son of a noble Italian house, was the first Bishop. He arrived at the island in November, 1520. After establishing a seminary and several free schools, he died in 1525 in the seventy-first year of his age. The cathedral which was begun several years prior to his landing, was not finished until 1540. In this church, which was a magnificent one, the relics of Columbus reposed for 200 years.

To Those Who Mourn Their Loved and Lost.

There exists at la Chapelle-Montligeon (France) an Arch-Confraternity the Œuvre Expiatoire established with the approbation of Mgr. Tregaro, bishop of the diocese, in which over 2,000 Masses are offered up for the forsaken souls in Purgatory (112,000 Masses were celebrated in 1894). The associates enrolled on the registers of the Arch-Confraternity share in the suffrage of all these Masses, and ensure for themselves the efficacious and powerful protection of the holy souls by subscribing 1 cent yearly or $1 in perpetuity. The Œuvre has the approbation of His Holiness Leo XIII. and over 500 Cardinals and bishops.

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REV. PAUL BUGUET,
Chapelle-Montligon P. O. (France).

Meeting of Prelates.

There was a meeting of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Northwest Wednesday morning, Feb. 15th, at the archiepiscopal residence, 15th and Church streets. All the Bishops were present except Rt. Rev. J. N. Lemens, D. D., of Victoria, B. C., who was unable to leave his diocese at this time.

Right Rev. John Baptist Brondel, D. D., Bishop of Helena, arrived Tuesday. Right Rev. A. J. Gloreiux, D. D., of Boise City, and Right Rev. Aegidius Junger, D. D., of Vancouver, Washington, arrived Wednesday.

The object of the meeting was to hear read the action of Rome on the decree of the last council of this province which had been reported to his Grace Most Rev. W. H. Gross, D. D. All the decrees had been approved.

Representative Merriam on Wednesday introduced a bill in the Illinois legislature to repeal the law giving the Catholic Archbishop of Chicago the right to acquire and hold property as a body politic and a corporation sole. Mr. Merriam comes from an A. P. A. district and his constituency have for some time been urging him to introduce the measure. The bill is not seriously regarded by the church dignitaries of the province of Chicago.

* * *

It is designed to have the new mother house of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, which will be built in St. Louis, completed by the summer of 1897, their golden jubilee in this country. The site for the new motherhouse is to be called "Sancta Maria in Ripa," St. Mary's on the River." There is at present a building on the grounds, and next Easter about a dozen sisters move into it and take possession. The place is located on the Mississippi river and is to be dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, in honor of the first name given to that river by the early explorers.

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LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Sheerin-Gallagher Nuptial Mass and Wedding.

ST. PATRICK'S DEBATERS.

A Mission to be Given at the French Church on Bush Street.

St. Dominic's.

One of the most notable weddings which has of late taken place among the Catholics of this parish occurred on Wednesday, when Miss Agnes Gallagher was married to Frank L. Sheerin. Both young people are well known in the parish in which they have resided from childhood, and the social standing of their relatives, and their wide circle of acquaintances attracted a large nnmber to the church to witness the impressive ceremony.

In honor of the auspicious union of the two families, every preparation had been made. The choicest flowers, palms and ferns decorated the chancel and the choir rendered its choicest music. To crown all, the ceremony was completed at a nuptial Mass, thus invoking a special blessing upon the young couple.

Promptly at 9 o'clock the bride entered the church, leaning upon the arm of her brother, Edward Gallagher. Dressed in a white satin marvelue gown, trimmed with chiffon with her veil caught in orange blossoms, the bride looked particulary charming. She was met at the altar rail by the groom and his best man, Wm. Landry, Miss Ella Martin acting as bridesmaid. The ushers were Bernard Gallagher and D. Charles Sheerin. Rev. Father Doogan, O. P., was the celebrant of the Mass. The music by the choir was under the direction of Miss Desmond, and the singers were, Miss Lawlor, soprano; Miss Shannon, contralto; G. O. Jones, tenor, and W. Roberts and D. Sheerin, bassos.

After the ceremonies were completed Father Doogan addressed a few words of advice to the young couple. He spoke of the important step they had just taken and cautioned them to live good Catholic lives, that they might enjoy to the full extent the blessings of the ceremony. Then all repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, 2208 Geary street, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was enjoyed by the immediate members of the two families. Garlands of flowers decked the house, and their fragrance only added to the sweetness of the scene. Very Rev. Pius Murphy, O. P., Father Doogan and Brother Erminold were the honored guests of the occasion.

During the morning hundreds of the the friends of the young couple called to tender their congratulations or leave a memento of the occasion in the shape of an elegant or costly present. So nnmerous were these that an entire apartment was given up to their display. In fact, when the young couple return to occupy their home at the corner of Eddy and Broderick streets, they will find it filled with a choice assortment of articles, both useful and ornamental.

Among the presents received may be mentioned, a set of pearl handled knives and silver forks, from W. A. Landry; a set of silver spoons, from Mrs. and Miss Marion Pritchard; a set of carved ivory handled carvers, silver knives and forks, from the parents of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sheerin; a set of carvers from Ambrose Buckley; elegant vase, Mrs. Dr. J. F. Gibbons; onyx banquet lamp and shade, from the bridesmaid, Miss Ella Martin; a set of spoons, painting and sofa cushion, from Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Blaney and family; a set of spoons, from Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, of San Rafael; fish knife, Miss Nellie Holmes; butter knife, Miss Lizzie Holmes; elegant card case, Miss A. Holmes; silver ladle, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Walsh; butter knife, sugar spoon and cream ladle, Mr. and Mrs. Rantzau, San Leandro; oil painting, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gallagher; samovar, Mrs. Lyons, annt of the bride; parlor ornament, Miss A. Brune; silver tea set, Mrs Gallagher, mother of the bride; cut glass table set, Mrs. French, of Modesto; hand painted salad set, Mrs. H. Stewart and Mrs. H. L. Bell; china tea set, the Misses Olsen; silver tea set, Mr, and Mrs. P. McHugh; mantel clock, John J. Mitchell; toilet bottles and cushion, Miss C. Chard; card receiver. Mrs. R. V. Dodge, of Oakland; complete porcelain dinner set, from the brothers of the groom; beautiful basket of California violets, from Mr. Rosenquist; floral horseshoe, from J. F. Lyons; dainty porcelain cup, Miss Maud Atkinson; bride's handkerchief in Spanish needle work, Miss Marion Holmes; berry set, Mrs. Thos. Brady; salad fork and spoon, Mr. and Mrs. George Ackerson; table cover, Miss Annie Donnelly; dressing sacque, Mrs. Rudolph Herold; embroidered center piece for table, Mrs. Grim, Berkeley; gold and garnet rosary, Miss Catherine White; coffee set, Mrs. D. J. Toohy; silver mounted brush, Thomas E. Shumate; picture and easel, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Parsons; cushion, Miss Mamie Gibbons; $100 in gold, from the bride's brother, Bernard. The groom's gift to his bride was an elegant diamond set.

After the breakfast had been discussed and congratulations received, Mr. and Mrs. Sheerin left for a trip to Paso Robles and other points in Southern California, including a short sojourn at the Del Monte. On their return they will reside at the corner of Eddy and Broderick streets, where the groom has prepared an elegant home for his bride.

Old St. Mary's.

In accordance with their established custom the members of Ignatian Council, No. 35, Y. M. I., attended a yesterday solemn requiem High Mass celebrated for the repose of the souls of deceased members. Heavy draperies of black, relieved with bows of white hung from the gallery and pulpit, and similar draperies were over the entrance. The altar was also draped in black, and but little decorated.

There was a very large congregation present when Rev. Father Otis, C. S. P., commenced the celebration of the Mass. Rev. Father Ryan of St. Bridget's was deacon, and Rev. Father Schneider, C. S. P., sub-deacon.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Wyman, C. S. P. The speaker took as his text "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work," St. John ix-4. "These words," said Father Wyman, "refer primarily to our Lord Himself, secondly to His disciples. Labors, sacrifices, sufferings and death are commonly considered to be debts which we owe to divine justice for our sins. But our Lord most clearly teaches us that they are manifestations of the work of God. They were such in the cases of our Saviour who was perfectly sinless."

Father Wyman then went on to show that our Saviour accomplished His great work and did it by the choice of His human will, although the foreknowledge of God does not interfere with the perfect freedom of will. The work we do in this life is not determined by destiny or fate. We have, each one of us, under God to carve out our destiny, and that we may do this, we must keep before our minds the true ideal,

We should seek in the first place to lead moral and upright lives. If to be a Catholic christian means with us simply to hold strongly to the true faith and not keeping of the divine law and obeying the precepts of religion, what better off are we than those who do not have the faith. If we are not faithful and consistent, there are multitudes who follow Jesus Christ, and reprove us. Even the infidel world recognizes the fact that our Church influences the thoughts and actions of men, more than any other. And the reason why our Church is more opposed by the enemies of christianity than any other is they see that our Church has the strongest hold on the hearts and minds of men.

St. Patrick's.

The entertaiment given by the Young Men's Society at Pioneer Hall on Wednesday evening, was very successful, a large audience being present, and the program being carried through with vim and enthusiasm. It was as follows:

Overture, Young Men's Society Orchestra; introductory remarks, President Wm. T. Flynn; tenor solo, S. Blum: recitation, Dr. T. L. Hill; soprano solo, Miss Nora Kirby; mandolin and guitar, H. Patten and J. Quinn; song, Young Men's Society Quartette, T. J. O'Brien, E. A. Leary, W. J. Kelly, J. B. Drake; debate, "Woman's Rights," affirmative, E. F. Lacey and J. P. Hayes; negative, R. Ryan and F. J. Sullivan; selection, Young Men's Society Orchestra; soprano solo, Miss Mary Spillane; recitation, T. Sargent; comic song, Frank Jones; cornet solo, James O'Connor; recitation, D. G. O'Brien; bass solo, S. J. Sandy: song and chorus, Young Men's Society Glee Club.

Naturally the debate was the most interesting and amusing feature of the evening. The decision was rendered by a board of judges of which Father Brennan was the chairman; J. F. O'Brien and M. Corridan represented the bachelors, and J. Donegan and D. Laydon the benedicts. The result was declared a draw, and the judges complimented the debaters upon the skillful way in which they handled the all-absorbing topic.

The arrangements were in the hands of the following committee: J. P. Hayes, J. F. O'Brien, W. T. Breslin, Maurice Corridan and Eugene F. Lacy.

Alameda.

In commemoration of the anniversary of the birth of the Father of his Country, the pupils of Notre Dame Academy gave a patriotic entertainment at the close of school on Thursday afternoon. The large hall in which the exercises were held was very tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens, a picture of Washington occupying a prominent position. The exercises were carried out with a snap and vim which showed the excellent training of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

The following was the program:

Piano solo.....Miss A. Conway
Chorus.....“Hail Columbia”
Address.....Miss A. Conway
School.....“Mt. Vernon Bells”
Recitation.....“America's Hero”
Misses L. Smally, M. O'Brien, M. Hall, A. Kindlen, S. Henry, M. Rose.
February Twenty-second.....(Bryant)
Miss M. Higgins.
Solo.....“Georgie's Hatchet”
Primary Pupils.
Recitation....“Washington's Rules of Conduct”
Misses A. Jones, L. Smally, C. Leroux, B. Fisher, S. Henry, N. Rose, M. O'Brien, M. Coustier, M. Parker, A. Kindlen.
Recitation.....“Crossing the Delaware”
Miss M. Coughlin.
Recitation.....“Our Flag”
Misses E. Sealey, E. Linderman, B. Bates.
School.....“Columbia Gem of the Ocean
Original Essay.....“Our Noblest Hero”
Miss M. Kindlen.
Recitation.....“Freedom's Bravest Son”
Miss A. Conway.
School.....“Star Spangled Banner”

St. Paul's.

A grand patriotic entertainment was given at St. Paul's Hall on Twenty-ninth and Church streets on Thursday night, in commemoration of Washington's Birthday, under the auspices of the combined societies of the parlsh. Every seat in the large hall was occupied, and hundreds stood around the walls. Great taste was displayed in the decorations, the stars and stripes occupying a prominent place.

The feature of the evening was a patriotic address by Robert Shepson, which was well received by hisauditors.

The societies of the church presented Father Connolly with a large and magnificent flag which was flung to the breeze for the first time yesterday. In accepting the gift, Father Connoly took occasion to deliver a patriotic address in which he dwelt upon the important part taken by Catholics in the history of the country.

St. Teresa's.

The following is the annual report of St. Teresa's Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1894:

Work of Conference—Families relieved, 38; persons in same, 169; visits made, 154; situations procured, 9.

Receipts—Members, $81 35; poor box, $32 50; subscribers, $60 75; at church, $35 90; total, $210 50; January, 1894, $10 30; total, $220 80.

Expenditures — Groceries, $42 50; rent, $52 50; coal, $17 00; clothing, $22 00; shoes, $15 00: Part. Council, N. Y., $5 00; unemployed, $5 00; printing, $3 00; sundries, $25 00; total, $187 00; tatal receipts as above, $220 80; total expenditures as above, $187 00; on hand January 1st, 1895, $33 80.

The officers of the society are: Rev. P. O'Connell, Spiritual Director; Jas. McDonald, President; C. Oakley, Treasurer; Thos. F. Lovett, Secretary.

Notre Dame des Victoires.

A mission will begin at the French Church, Notre Dame des Victoires, on Bush street, the first Sunday in Lent, March 3d, at 10:30 A. M. The Forty Hours' Devotion will begin on the same day.

The preacher will be Rev. Father H. Gross, S. M., late superior of the house of the Marist Fathers, at Paris. For many years he filled the pulpit in some of the largest cities of France—Paris, Lyons and elsewhere.

During the week at 3 P. M. there will be a retreat with sermon and benediction, mostly for married and young ladies. Some of the members of the choir of the Children of Mary will have charge of the music.

Every evening the sermon and benediction at 7:45.

All those who speak French are kindly invited.

Sacramento.

An elegant peal of Blymyer bells weighing over six tons were received last week, and will shortly be hung in the belfry of the Cathedral. They are the gift of Right Rev. Bishop Manogue to the church, and are said to be one of the finest peals of bells ever brought to the coast.

The Catholic Ladies' Relief Society gave their sixth annual party in Turner hall on Thursday evening. The past year has been a hard one on the funds of the society, over $1,200 having been expended in relief work. The annual ball always nets a handsome sum and this year was no exception to the rule.

St. Anthony's.

The new church intended for the German Catholics of the mission district is now rapidly nearing completion and will be dedicated by Archbishop Riordan, on Sunday, March 10th, at 10 o'clock. All the societies connected with St. Boniface Church on Golden Gate avenue will take part in the procession. A lunch will be spread by the ladies of the new church, and the proceeds will go to the building fund.

St. Peter's.

The collections at all the Masses tomorrow will be for the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society.

The proposed entertainment of St. Peter's Dramatic Club will take place on Tuesday night. The proceeds will go to purchase uniforms for the League of the Cross Cadets

Personal.

Rev. Eugene O'Growney, the noted professor of Gaelic who came to this coast some months ago for the benefit of his health, and was temporarily assigned to St. Francis De Sales Church Oakland, is compelled to go to a dryer climate on account of a throat affection. Father O'Growney will probably go to Arizona.

Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas Griffin, D. D., rector of St. John's Church, Worcester, Mass., and chancellor of the diocese of Springfield was in the city the first part of the week. His Lordship is on a visit to the coast and at present writing is in San Jose.

Right Rev. Bishop Mora of Los Angeles is at present in Barcelona, Spain, and will probably return to Los Angeles in April.

Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery has not as yet recovered from his late illness and is still at the Indian training school at Banning. He is on the road to health and expects to be able to return to Los Angeles during the coming week.

Mr. Hallinan Recovering.

The many friends of Mr. John J. Hallinan in the dry goods business, the clerks' organization of which he was for years president, and also of the Irish Parliamentary Club, which contributed so much money to help the Home Rule cause, will hear with pleasure of the news conveyed in a letter to Mr. T. P. Crowley of this city, from Dr. Joseph Costello, of Dublin, that Mr. Hallinan is quite out of danger.

As it was only a few weeks ago that he left the city completely broken down in health and never expecting to see California again, he was induced by his friends at home to place himself under the charge of Surgeon J. McArdle, of St. Vincent's Hospital, whose skill and success in operations, though only 36 years of age, has been phenomenal and made his reputation world-wide. In Mr. Hallinan's case he kept up his fame. He found one of his kidneys diseased, and removed it, though it weighed six pounds. Since the operation Mr. Hallinan has completely recovered, and expects to get back to San Francisco a stronger man than he has been for years. It is interesting to note that while the controversy is raging about foreign and American diplomas that Dr. J. S. McArdle was a fellow student of our own skillful surgeon, Dr. A. T. Leonard, in Dublin some twelve years ago, and it is almost needless to add both hold their own with credit to the old country school.

WITH MUSIC AND SONG.

Celebration at Sacred Heart College Thursday Night.

The spacious hall of Sacred Heart College was more than crowded on Thursday night, when the members of the De La Salle Literary Society presented themselves to the public in an entertainment in honor of Washington's Birthday. Flags, banners and evergreens were conspicuous features of the decorations, and a number of the local clergy added their dignity to the occasion. The famous orchestra of St. Mary's College was present, with twenty-three members, and played a number of selections during the evening. The program was divided into two parts, literary and musical and dramatic.

Part 1 was arranged as follows:

Music.....“Among Comrades”
S. M. C. Orchestra
Address.....By the Presideat of the Day
James P. Carberry.
Solo and chorus....“The Old, Old Friends .....in the Old, Old Home”
Fred J. O'Connell.
Recitation.....“Driving Home the Cows,”
Arthur J. Sullivan.
Vocal solo.....“The Pardon Came Too Late”
Charles V. Drady.
Recitation...“The Ghost of an old Continental”
David A. Barry.
Chorus.....‘ Sword of Bunker Hill”
La Salle Quartette.
Recitation,...“Discovery of San Francisco Bay”
Joseph A. Kendrick.
Solo and chorus.....“The Alabama Coon”
Charles V. Drady.
Extract.....“Prospects of California”
Aloysius P. Mallon.
Chorus.....“The Call of the Fairies”
Glee Club.
Extract.....“The American Sailor”
Thomas M. Maguire.
Vocal solo.....“America's Ahead of Them All”
William P. Sullivan.
Recitation.....“Plaint of the Toiler”
Arthur E. Curtis.
Vocal Duet.....“Friendship”
Henry H. Hay and David A. Barry.
Oration.....“Washington”
Dennis J. Horgan.
Overture.....National Airs
S. M. C. Orchestra.

The second part consisted of the drama, “Honesty the Best Policy,” or “The Golden Farmer.” The cast of characters was as follows:

Golden Farmer, an English squire.....
.....Edward P. Fitzgerald
Harry Hammer, a bibulous auctioneer.....
.....Edmund L. Zane
Old Mobb, a typical English burglar.....
.....William T. Breen
Jemmy Twitcher, a London sneak thief.....
.....Fred J. O'Connell
Louis, son of Golden Farmer.....
.....William P. Sullivan
Mrs, Hammer, a strong minded female.....
.....Thomas P. Tydon
James, Thomas, } Farm hands .....James P. Brady
....Thomas F. Mulcahy
First officer.....John H. Wilson
Second officer.....John P. Feeney
Laborers, peasants, Etc.

To say the boys acquitted themselves well would only be telling the bare truth. In everything appertaining to the drama, in costumes, scenery, etc., nothing was omitted to make it a grand success, and the young actors received the warmest encouragement from the audience.

The successful conduct of the affair was due to the admirable arrangements made by the committee:

James P. Carberry, Dennis J. Horgan, Henry H. Hay, Fred J. O'Connell, Edmund L. Zane.

The officers of the society are as follows:

Rev. Bro. Xenophon, president; Jas. P. Carberry, vice-president; John H. Wilson, secretary; Thomas M. Maguire, treasurer.

Hibernians Organize.

There was an enthusiastic meeting of Irishmen in St. Brendan's Hall on Sunday afternoon, when a new branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, known as Division No. 10, was organized. Representatives of the various city divisions met at Drew's Hall, on New Montgomery street, and marched to Fremont and Harrison streets, where the meeting was held, M. J. Manning, County President, and M. H. McCafferty, County Secretary, leading the procession.

The exercises were opened by President Manning, who introduced D. S. McCarthy, the State Secretary, who made a short address, explaining the aims and objects of the Order. He was followed by Rev Father Nugent of St. Brendan's Church, and Rev. D. O. Crowley, chaplain of the Order, both of whom spoke of the patriotic aims of the organization. After an address by Dr. Driscoll, about 125 members affixed their names to the roll and were then initiated. The following are the officers of the new branch:

John W. Powers, president; James J. Sheehy, vice-president; John Coughlan, financial secretary; Chas. Flanagan, recording secretary; Thos. Kerrigan, treasurer. The meeting adjourned with hearty congratulations to the new officers upon the successful outcome of their inaugural meeting.

The assessments to be contributed by the different divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians toward the founding of an Irish chair at Washington University will be called for March 1. The various divisions manifest a great interest in the movement and a large sum will no doubt be raised.

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OYSTERS . . . in any style.
ICE CREAM . . . made to order and delivered to any part of the city or Oakland

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Under the management of B. & R. A. Gallegher.
FIRST CLASS THROUGHOUT
Meals served from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M. Regular dinner from 11:30 to 6:30. Meals 25 cents.

HENRY KOERBER
DEALER IN
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15 AND 17 SANTA CLARA AVE.
Bet., Oak and Park sts., ... Alameda
Orders delivered to any part of the city free of charge. Telephone 1631.

Dividend Notices.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE GERman Savings and Loan Society, 526 California st.—For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1895.
GEO. TOURNY, Sec.

AGENTS WANTED
FOR THE
California Catholic

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Charlie fully expected that this stupendous threat would reduce Eva to the lowest depths of despair and bring her, figuratively speaking, to her knees, but for once was he out in his calculations. She drew up her slender figure and pursed up her rosy lips with an air that made him feel vaguely uneasy. Was it to defy him? Yes. Her next words proved that it was so.

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"Incredible as it may seem to you, I do contemplate it."

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"I should be sorry to do that," she said more gently. "I—I don't want to be dishonorable or to treat you badly, Charlie, but I am only human, and no one but myself knows what I have gone through in the last few months. You have tried me too hard. I was very fond of you at one time, and if you had treated me fairly I should have been fond of you still. But you would wear out a saint, and I am only a woman. I don't think Lord Dolly would be hard on me. He may not be very brilliant, but at all events he is a man—the sort of man we call a gentleman—and knows how to be generous, even to such an altogether inferior creature as a mere woman."

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There was a hitch in the system somewhere. It had failed.—London Truth.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

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Raleigh's life is a record of undertakings begun in enthusiasm, maintained imperfectly and failures in the end. Among his other adventures he had sent a colony to Virginia. He had imagined, or had been led by others to believe, that there was an Indian court there, brilliant as Montezuma's, an enlightened nation crying to be admitted within the charmed circle of Gloriana's subjects. His princes and princesses proved things of air, or mere Indian savages, and of Raleigh there remains nothing in Virginia save the name of the city which is called after him. The starving survivors of his settlement on the Roanoke river were taken on board by Drake's returning squadron, and carried home to England, where they all arrived safely, to the glory of God, as our pious ancestors said and meant in unconventional sincerity, on July 28, 1586.—Froude in Longman's Magazine.

Seal Rings.

Seal rings were worn by all classes of ancient Egyptians, and they remain today a favorite form of this ornament, though not possessing the significance of former times. Rings with keys attached have been found in the catacombs, and we know that the Roman ladies in this way carried the keys of their jewel caskets. But even in our craze for the æsthetic we have scarcely reached the acme of luxuriousness achieved by this people, who even went so far as to have rings suited to the season, heavy for winter and lighter for summer. The wedding ring is thought to have originated with the Romans and to have sprung from the custom of using rings in making agreements, but unlike the wedding rings of today they were made of iron, this being supposed to typify the enduring nature of the contract.—New York Advertiser.

A Cautious Answer.

"Have you the pleasure of Marjoram's acquaintance?"

"Er—well, not exactly, but I am acquainted with Marjoram."—New York Recorder.

THERE IS AN ORCHARD.

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
And high is the orchard wall,
And ripe is the fruit in the orchard tree—
Oh, my love is fair and tall!

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
And joy to its haven hies,
And a white hand opens its gates to me—
Oh, deep are my true love's eyes!

There is an orchard beyond the sea;
Its flowers the brown bee sips,
But the stateliest flower is all for me—
Oh, sweet are my true love's lips!

There is an orchard beyond the sea
Where the soft delights do roam;
To the Great Delight I have bent my knee—
Oh, good is my true love's home!

There is an orchard beyond the sea,
With a nest where the linnets hide.
Oh, warm is the nest that is built for me!
In my true love's heart I bide.

—Gilbert Parker in Chap Book.

A HITCH.

Eva Carrington, the bride elect, was a beauty.

Eva's soft blue eyes and bright little ways wrought dire destruction in the ranks of the stronger sex, but she appeared quite unconscious of her power or indifferent to it. To all intents and purposes she had promised to marry Charlie Nelthorpe. His will was her law and to please him the chief object of her life. In short, his programme seemed in a fair way to be carried out.

Her total submission delighted him, and he took every advantage of it. It was not in him to show generosity to a woman or indeed to anything he thought weaker than himself. He was the sort of man who is brutal to his dogs and horses and overbearing to his servants — who, in short, tyrannizes whenever he can do so without fear of retaliation. His nature asserted itself in his dealings with the woman he loved, and he took the keenest possible pleasure in trading on her forbearance, taxing her endurance to the utmost and showing off her pliant will and obedient temper to the world at large. It was all a part of the system that could not fail.

Charlie went on giving his petty arrogance full play until, as was only to be expected, things came to a crisis. The wonder was they had not done so long before.

On the occasion of Lady Brown-Jones' ball he went the length of forbidding his fiancee to dance round dances with any one but himself, and though she received his commands without a murmur her soul rose in passionate revolt against his tyranny. This last test that he had devised seemed to her the worst of all. As a matter of fact, she had submitted patiently to far harder ones, but we all know the female capacity for swallowing a camel and straining at a gnat, and Eva was no less inconsistent than the rest of her sex. The gnat stuck in her throat and obstinately refused to be dislodged. There always must be a last straw, and this was it.

When the ball was half over, Lord Dolly put in an appearance, and at that moment Eva happened to be sitting quite alone. Charlie had left her for a minute or two to speak to a friend, and she was looking wistfully at the maze of couples that revolved before her. Lord Dolly made straight for her.

"Not dancing, Miss Carrington! Luck for me, by Jove! Ripping waltz, this. Have a turn?"

He stuck out his elbow invitingly, but Eva turned away, biting her lip.

"No, thank you," she answered in a low tone. "I can't dance with you, Lord Dolly."

"Can't?" echoed his lordship. "How's that? What's up? Not ill, are you? Not cross with me, eh?"

Eva shook her head.

"No, I am not ill or cross, but—but I have promised Charlie to waltz only with him. He doesn't like to see me waltzing with other men."

Lord Dolly choked down the forcible but inelegant remark, cleared his throat violently and ran his fingers through his hair. The two latter proceedings were signs of severe mental disturbance.

There was a slight pause.

"And he dances so awfully badly," Eva went on, with a queer little catch in her breath. "He can't waltz a bit—not a little wee bit. He—holds you all wrong."

Her voice quivered and broke on the last word, and she looked up at the man at her side with great tearful eyes, like forgetmenots drowned in dew.

That look finished it. Lord Dolly was only a man.

"Beastly shame!" he said hurriedly. "Come with me. Nice and quiet out on the veranda. A fellow can talk there, don't you know. Come along."

And Eva went.

* * * * * *

Charlie Nelthorpe was bristling with outraged pride and wounded self esteem when he went to pay his customary visit to Eva on the day following Lady Brown-Jones' ball. The fact that Eva could forget herself and the respect that was due to him so far as to sit on the veranda with Lord Dolly for half an hour had been a severe blow to him, and he had not yet recovered from the shock.

She was reading when he went into the room, but she laid her book aside at once.

"Oh, Charlie, is that you?"

Charlie frowned.

"How often have I told you, my dear Eva, that a self evident fact requires no asserting?" he asked in his most dogmatic tone.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"How often? Oh, I don't know. A hundred times, I dare say. You look cross, Charlie."

Charlie frowned again. There was an intangible something in Eva's tone and manner that was not wont to be there, something that he could neither define nor understand, though he felt it instinctively.

"I am not cross, Eva, but I am grieved—grieved beyond measure. Your conduct last night caused me acute pain, the more so as you expressed no regret for it. But I hope you are in a better frame of mind today and ready to say you are sorry for what you did. Until you have done so I really don't feel I can kiss you."

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solutely incapable of proof save by experience, and if the experience means death and silence"—

"It is not much use to the world naturally," laughed I.

"None. Unless you admit the possibility of ghosts."

"No go either. Ghosts never are useful. The bad ones don't care, I suppose, and the good ones are too happy."

I heard a faint sigh behind me and looked up. Then he smiled. It was a charming face—refined with a touch of humor in it.

"Let us imagine a Laodicean ghost, then. Say, a fellow like you or I—no harm perhaps, not much good either—a bit of a drone, eh? Can't you imagine such a one pursued, when the game is over, with a wish to have played a stronger hand? I can. I can imagine him coming—say, to a faraway spot like this—to a loch where life ended for him perhaps, to lay his hand on some one's shoulder, as I lay my hand on yours, and say: 'Fish no more! It is a pixie luring you to death!' Ah, I am a good actor, you see. I have made you start."

It was true. Something in tone and touch had sent a shiver through me. I forgot the big fish in a sudden desire for home and rest, not to say dinner.

"A very good actor," I assented, beginning to reel up as he rose. "Do you come my way?"

"No, my road lies yonder." He pointed to where the western wedge of light was fast darkening.

"Ah, the inn at Corriebuie, I suppose. Well, goodby. I may meet you here again some day."

"Scarcely," he answered, with a smile.

"Then elsewhere. The world is small."

"Very—what we know of it."

"True. For all I know, I may be parting from a real friend," I replied gayly. "You may have saved me from a pixie or a five pounder. Which is it?"

"Let us say from infatuation. That is certain. Goodby."

A boggle in my cast claimed my attention, and when I looked up he had disappeared behind the rocky promontory between the two arms of the loch. As I turned to go my eye caught a glitter in the shingle at my feet. It was a gold signet ring which I remembered remarking on the stranger's hand as he laid it on my shoulder. I ran after him, shouting as I ran, finally making my way to a bit of rising ground, whence I could command the declivity leading to Corriebuie inn. He was not to be seen. As I came back for my rod a faint circle of light showed on the darkening water. The big fish was still rising, and I hurried away, half afraid of being beguiled into trying conclusions with it. Next day being Sunday, I walked over to Corriebuie in order to return the ring to its owner. My friend of Loch Finaich was not there, nor did the ring itself give me any clew, for the design on it had been much scratched and worn as if by water. The world, however, as we agreed, is small, and partly on the chance that in the motley crowd of London I might come across its owner and partly from a strange fascination for the memory of my five minute friend, I took to wearing the ring constantly until a sense of possession and an odd, unaccountable affection for it grew up in me, and I felt I should be sorry to have it taken from me.

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"A friend! Was he by any chance in Scotland this summer?"

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LITTLE ALL ALONEY.

Little All Aloney's feet
Pitter patter in the hall,
And his mother runs to meet
And to kiss her toddling sweet
Ere perchance he fall.
He is, oh, so weak and small!
Yet what danger shall he fear
When his mother hovereth near
And he hears her cheering call,
"All Aloney?"

Little All Aloney's face,
It is all aglow with glee
As around the romping place
At a terrifying pace
Lungeth, plungeth he!
And that hero seems to be
All unconscious of our cheers,
Only one dear voice he hears
Calling reassuringly,
"All Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load,
Though his feet they seem so small
That you cannot help forbode
Some disastrous episode
In that noisy hall,
Neither threatening bump nor fall
Little All Aloney fears,
But with secret bravado steers
Whither comes that cheery call,
"All Aloney!"

Ah, that in the years to come,
When he shares of sorrow's store,
When his feet are chill and numb,
When his cross is burdensome,
And his heart is sore,
Would that he could hear once more
The gentle voice he used to hear,
Divine with mother love and cheer,
Calling from yonder spirit shore,
"All, all alone!"

—Eugene Field.

FISH OR PIXIE?

It was hidden away in the chalice of the hills like a dewdrop in the folds of a burdock leaf—one of those mountain tarns of Western Ross which are roused by sunshine into distinctive beauty of their own, deadened by mist out of all individuality, so that the wandering fisherman has some excuse for being careless of names, of everything save the trout lying between the shallow and the deep. The time was June, and I had slipped away from London for three weeks' freedom ere the gathering of the gillies and the general raid of the populace on the Sassenach make the West Highlands a purgatory instead of a paradise to those who have not the purse of Fortunatus.

Day after day rose cloudless, serene, in true June fashion. There was no one to hurry me, no one to hint at a light basket. As for sport, fish must feed, even in the driest weather, and sometimes, if the heat haze dimmed the water and a causeless breeze set the cotton tassels swinging, a brief half hour would come, sufficient for most men. Then the charm of the long evenings, when, though the light left the world, it lingered in the sky till dawn brought renewal, kept me in thrall and drove my cook to distraction.

I had had a blank day on the bigger lochs. Even the time between 7 and half past, when the glitter goes from the water, brought me no luck. On my way home, partly for the sake of lingering longer in the surpassing beauty of the moors, I bethought me of a blue dot, which, according to the map, should lie half a mile to the westward.

I shall never forget my first sight of Loch Finaich, or Loch of the Heather, as it was called. Held in the hollow of the hills, it had two arms, one stretching west to where the moorland sloped swiftly to the sea. Thus at its farther end the shining level of water looked about as if to plunge into space, intent on quenching the fires of sunset in the sky. The other arm wound, dark and deep like a shadowed mirror, into a precipitous correi, where the snowdrifts still lay, despite the heat. There was an unearthly stillness and silence in its beauty which thrilled me through and through. A distinct desire to take refuge in the commonplace made me hurry to a strip of shingle and throw my fly where a faint shadow told of weeds below the water. The next instant I forgot everything in the knowledge that a big fish had risen short. The brown body and turkey wing lit like a thistle down again and again without response, and I was about to turn away when a circle of widening ripples told me the brute was at me once more. Mortal angler could not resist the challenge. I threw over it, around it, to windward, to leeward of it, without success. The glare had left even the eastern shore. The sunset had faded to pearly grays and golds. It was growing late. But one more cast—by all that is tantalizing—at me again!

"Very annoying," said a voice behind me as my fly fell on the water, light, but determined.

I turned in surprise. Some ten yards off on the bank behind me a man of about 30 was leaning on a landing net, from his dress a fisher like myself, though he carried no rod.

"Very annoying," I echoed, "but I'll get the brute yet."

"I doubt it. I thought so, too, but I was mistaken."

To a fisherman the confession of failure in a rival is never disheartening. I put a little more skill into my cast, that was all.

"It has been a beautiful day, hasn't it?" went on the voice behind, just as the fish stirred again. "As fine a midsummer eve as I remember. By the way, do the folk about here tell tales of the dangers of St. John's eve, as they used to do?"

"No," I replied shortly, for I was rapidly losing my temper over that devil of a fish, "but I can imagine it. Pixies, fairies and all that bosh."

"Just so. All that bosh."

Something in his tone made me pause.

"Well, it is bosh, isn't it?" I echoed.

"Doubtless, and yet"—he paused in his turn—"how are you to know that the big fish yonder which is tempting you to linger here—on St. John's eve, mark you—is not a pixie?"

The conceit amused me. Besides the brute might think better of its ways after a rest. I laid aside my rod, took out my pipe and leaned against the bank on which my new acquaintance had seated himself.

"Because it isn't," I said stolidly.

"Nevertheless it is a thing that is absolutely incapable of proof save by experience, and if the experience means death and silence"—

"It is not much use to the world naturally," laughed I.

"None. Unless you admit the possibility of ghosts."

"No go either. Ghosts never are useful. The bad ones don't care, I suppose, and the good ones are too happy."

I heard a faint sigh behind me and looked up. Then he smiled. It was a charming face—refined with a touch of humor in it.

"Let us imagine a Laodicean ghost, then. Say, a fellow like you or I—no harm perhaps, not much good either—a bit of a drone, eh? Can't you imagine such a one pursued, when the game is over, with a wish to have played a stronger hand? I can. I can imagine him coming—say, to a faraway spot like this—to a loch where life ended for him perhaps, to lay his hand on some one's shoulder, as I lay my hand on yours, and say: 'Fish no more! It is a pixie luring you to death!' Ah, I am a good actor, you see. I have made you start."

It was true. Something in tone and touch had sent a shiver through me. I forgot the big fish in a sudden desire for home and rest, not to say dinner.

"A very good actor," I assented, beginning to reel up as he rose. "Do you come my way?"

"No, my road lies yonder." He pointed to where the western wedge of light was fast darkening.

"Ah, the inn at Corriebuie, I suppose. Well, goodby. I may meet you here again some day."

"Scarcely," he answered, with a smile.

"Then elsewhere. The world is small."

"Very—what we know of it."

"True. For all I know, I may be parting from a real friend," I replied gayly. "You may have saved me from a pixie or a five pounder. Which is it?"

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He shifted on his chair and scribbled on a blotting pad.

"By the way, I suppose you are quite sure that Mr. Vining's version of the affair is correct?"

"I would stake my life on his truth and honor."

"You are biased, my dear madam?"

"Possibly. But common sense must tell you that if he had wished to deceive me as to his character he need not have confided to me his name and history. However, if you are afraid to undertake the case, say so, Mr. Doyle, and I will go to some one else."

"Afraid? Not at all," said the detective, with alacrity. "I shall be happy to exert my best endeavors on Mr. Vining's behalf."

The first thing the detective did was to set a watch upon Mr. Barlow from next door, but he had to pass the notes after he had forged them, so his every movement out of doors was reported. At the end of a couple of weeks the private inquiry agent began to look blank.

Mr. Barlow's conduct was irreproachable. He went for a walk every day, and once he visited his tailor's. That was all. He was invariably home before dark.

"I'll have him shadowed for another week, but really I don't see much use in it," he thought, and he said as much to Sadie. "Mr. Vining must be mistaken as to who gave him the notes. The man seems perfectly respectable."

One of Doyle's emissaries, following Barlow one night in evening dress, succeeded in making himself chummy with that gentleman in a chance encounter at one of the music halls and thereafter had many social evenings with him. Still nothing was discovered.

At length, however, something occurred. A satellite returned with the information that Barlow had entered a small hairdresser's shop in a back street in Soho and had remained there quite two hours.

This was mysterious. For what purpose could the white waistcoated householder with the bland smile and the creaking patent leather boots have spent all that time in a dirty little barber's shop?

The next morning Doyle undertook the shadowing himself. Mr. Barlow went for a walk and nowhere else. Ditto the next day and the five subsequent days. The detective raged. For nearly a fortnight nothing occurred, and then Mr. Barlow visited Soho again.

While Doyle waited for his reappearance one or two persons came out of the shop, and some went in. Among the former he noticed a gentleman with bushy sandy whiskers. Three-quarters of an hour later he returned. The pavement was narrow, and he brushed against the shabby lounger at the corner. And the shabby lounger's observant eyes noticed that there was a speck of mud on the gentleman's otherwise immaculate shirt collar. It was a dirty day, one of London's own.

Presently the private door opened, and Barlow, in his own proper person, issued forth and walked briskly down the street.

On his collar, in the very same place, was a little speck of mud.

It was three weeks later. In his private room the manager of the X—— bank was cordially shaking hands with a spare gentleman of benevolent aspect.

"You want those large notes changed for small ones? Certainly, sir. Anything to oblige a client of Messrs. Gordon & Co. A recommendation from them is a recommendation indeed!"

A few minutes afterward the old gentleman quitted the building, and calling a hansom drove to Charing Cross station. Close in the rear followed another hansom, whose occupant was Mr. Doyle.

The old gentleman entered the station. So did the detective. He came out again and took another cab. Ditto Mr. Doyle. A short journey on the underground railway was followed by a sharp walk, which terminated at the private door of the shop in Soho. Therein vanished the old gentleman, only to reappear a short time later in his true character as Mr. Barlow.

The detective watched him down the street with a look of genuine admiration on his face.

"He's disguised himself twice within my knowledge so that his own mother wouldn't know him," he muttered. "And to think that a man of that genius should have been betrayed by a little bit of dirt."

Mr. Doyle returned post haste to the X—— bank. Therein all was consternation, for a discovery had just been made that the old gentleman's letter of reference from Gordon & Co. was as false as the £25 notes they had exchanged for him.

That afternoon the house in Bedford square was entered by the police. A quantity of forged notes and the necessary implements for making them were discovered in a back room, and Mr. Barlow and his servants, or rather confederates, were arrested.

At the time of the trial it transpired that they had only been waiting to make one more large coup before leaving the country with their ill gotten gains.

By the next steamer the young man sailed for England, and a week later Sadie was clasped in her lover's arms.—Good Company.

A Dampener.

"Why is it that you girls seem to think so much more of the men who come in here than you do of the women?" asked the man with an interrogation point in his mind. "Is it because the men are more agreeable?"

"Oh, no," replied the saleslady, with a toss of her head. "It is because the men are such ninnies that they don't know what things are worth. If they do, it doesn't matter, if you only appear to think they're awfully bright or awfully good looking."—Boston Transcript

During the gold fever in California the price of board was from $5 to $15 a day in San Francisco.

HER VIOLIN.

I would I were a violin,
To rest beneath her dimpled chin,
And softly kiss her swanlike throat,
And breathe my love through every note.
When o'er my strings her fingers fair
Should lightly wander here and there
The while her flashing bow did press
My bosom, with its swift caress,
Then would I waken into song
The rapture that had slumbered long.
Mine ear against her swelling breast
Should hearken to its sweet unrest,
And—happy spy—then should I know
How, deep beneath that drifted snow,
A blissful tumult in her heart
Made all her fluttering pulses start.
Then that high calm, that maiden grace,
That meekly proud and peerless face,
That aureole of sun bright hair,
That brow such as the seraphs wear—
No longer these should baffle quite
The anxious lover's dazzled sight.
Ah, would I were her violin,
That thus her secret I might win!

—James Y. Kenyon in Century.

A SPECK OF DIRT.

The empty house in the square was taken at last. It had been to let for months, but now the bills were removed from the windows, and painters and paper hangers took possession of the premises, to be succeeded by the young man with the yard measure and his satellites who represented a certain famous furniture emporium in the Tottenham Court road.

Arguing from the fact that a neat brougham containing a feminine figure in sealskin and latest thing in Parisian headgear paid frequent visits to the scene of operations, report said that the new tenant was a woman. The assertion was verified when she moved in one day, and the neat brougham, in company with a victoria and a couple of saddle horses, took up its quarters in a neighboring mews. She was young, moreover, and unmarried, and American from the crown of her well poised head to the tip of her little arched feet.

Beyond her companion, a British dame of middle age, she was alone, and why she required that great ugly mansion in dingy Bloomsbury was incomprehensible.

Her left hand neighbor alone hazarded no idle conjectures regarding her. Mr. Barlow was a tall, spare, middle aged man, but no ascetic, for if his appearance afforded a reliable index to his character he inclined more to port wine than imagination. He was supposed to be a childless widower, and his black broadcloth and fat watch chain were redolent of opulent and Philistine respectability.

But although Mr. Barlow took no interest whatever in her, strange to relate, she evidently took a great interest in him. For when, shortly after her arrival, he came out of his house to go for a walk the newly hung lace curtains in the dining room were slightly drawn aside, and the eloquent gray eyes of Miss Sadie B. Ruddock, late of New York, scrutinized him with peculiar intensity.

The same day a young lady, richly dressed and alone, entered the offices of Messrs. Lupton & Doyle, the celebrated private inquiry agents, and was forthwith ushered into the presence of the junior partner. She came to the point with that promptitude which usually distinguished the actions of her compatriots.

"Mr. Doyle," she said, "I require your assistance in a matter of great importance to me—a matter that concerns some one in whom I am greatly interested. Plainly, I want you to help me clear the name of an innocent man who was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. He did not serve his time. The train which was conveying him to Portland was wrecked. In the ensuing confusion he escaped and made his way in safety to the United States, where he is now living under an assumed name. But he cannot rest until his guilt is refuted and the real criminal brought to justice. As he dare not return to England for the purpose, I have come in his stead. If needful, I will spend thousands rather than fail."

"Is he related to you?"

"He is my future husband," she said, with a blush. "In order to make the matter plain, I had better give you a brief outline of his trial. It was only two years ago. Perhaps you may remember it? His name is Wilfred Vining, and he was convicted of uttering forged bank notes. They were given to him in the course of some business transactions by a Mr. Barlow, who subsequently denied all knowledge of the affair. I am hopeful in renewing investigation, because unfortunately Mr. Vining was poor, which no doubt had something to do with the failure of his defense."

"Hum," said the detective dubiously. "If I understand you aright, you want to obtain proof, after the lapse of three years, that certain notes were given by one man to another in an interview without witnesses. My dear lady, it isn't possible."

"But you don't understand me at all," replied the fair American. "What I want you to prove for me is my conviction that this Barlow's respectable exterior masks a forger. I was sure he was a villain when that poor boy told me his story. I am more than ever sure since I've seen the fellow. I don't like his eyes. A man with eyes like that would do anything!"

The detective laughed.

"My dear young lady, what a sensational theory! However, it's possible, of course, and therein lies the only chance I can see of clearing Mr. Vining. What sort of person is Mr. Barlow?"

"He is believed to be a retired merchant of means and a childless widower. He has occupied a large house in one of the west central squares for the last three years and lives alone with the exception of servants, two male and one female. I have taken the next house. I thought it might be useful."

"It may be useful. I see you have been doing a little detective work on your own account," he said, smiling. "So far so good. But please don't make any more inquiries about him. If he has anything to conceal, we don't want to set him on his guard."

DIAMOND POLISHING.

CUTTING AND PUTTING A LUSTER ON THE FIERY STONE.

An Industry Not Known In This Country a Few Years Ago—Now Our Cutters Excel Those of Most Every European Country—"Rose" Diamonds Made of Chips.

Very few people who are fortunate enough to be able to wear diamonds know what amount of labor has been expended upon them from the time they were mined until finally they appear in the showcases of the jewelers ready for use. Fewer still are aware of the fact that the labor of the cutter and polisher adds at least $10 a carat to the value of the uncut diamond. These would squirm at the idea of taking even a seemingly finished and polished brilliant and splitting it into two pieces, doubling the expediency of the act on common sense grounds. The loss in weight from cutting is over one-half, but it so adds to the value of the diamond that a stone of one carat, costing in the rough perhaps $40, would sell for $110 when cut and polished, and the refuse or leavings from the cutting might bring a tidy sum besides. The value, however, does not depend alone upon the weight of the stone, but it is affected also by blemishes and impurity of color. It is the stone with a blemish, which is sometimes left in it in the hope that the ignorant and inexperienced purchaser may not discover it, which goes to the diamond cutter a second time, that the connoisseur thinks needs cutting and necessarily reducing to take the blemish out of, and thus increased its brilliancy and value.

Less than 15 years ago two diamond cutters cut and finished all the rough diamonds which came to this market. In fact, there was not a sufficiency of work even for these two workmen, for the brilliants were nearly all imported in a finished state, ready for setting in any shape for the wearers. But the duties upon these became an important matter, as there was nothing to pay upon the rough stone, at least nothing to speak of, and the finished article cost high because of the demands of Uncle Sam. He argued that people who could afford to wear diamonds should be willing to pay high for the privilege. This matter of duty paid to the customs officers became an incentive to the diamond cutting profession, and the number of workmen was increased and the inventive genius of our bright American inventors set at work to make labor saving machines for cutting and polishing diamonds.

Another fact that increased the incentive to encouraging American diamond cutters was that the work on the brilliants was too frequently done in a careless manner in Europe, particularly outside of the Dutch city of Amsterdam, and that American workmen could much better satisfy the critical taste of our people who deal in and wear precious stones, for the trade takes in all precious stones as well as diamonds. At that time the difference between a diamond imported and one cut and finished here was so marked that the demand for stones finished here was greatly increased, and within five years some six more diamond cutters had established themselves in New York, and all had more work than it was possible for them to do. The eight diamond cutters dressed and polished at least one-twentieth of all the diamonds sold in the city of New York, and the superior excellence of their work was recognized by all dealers and became the envy of the older workers in Holland, who had heretofore had almost a complete monopoly of the trade. This showed that some things as well as others might be done on this side of the water better than the workmen of Europe could do.

Diamonds are imported, as a rule, from South Africa, where as large and as fine stones are found as in all of the East Indies and Brazil, although many of the African diamonds are off color. They come to this country in the rough in all sorts of shapes and almost always uneven in shape. These lack entirely that luster which is the beauty of the brilliant and attaches to the name so closely, for it is the brilliancy and luster which make the diamond most valuable, added, of course, to the fact of its hardness and consequent ability to take and keep a very high polish. By the process of "cleaving" the irregularities of the rough stones are chipped off, and the general form of the diamond is secured, but without its possession of any of the circles which separate the face. These chipped off pieces, if of suitable color and without flaws, are used for making what are denominated "rose" diamonds. What are called, in the parlance of the trade, "fasces" of the diamond are cut by the rubbing together of two stones, and when this process is completed and the stones have been sufficiently rubbed down they resemble two irregular glass pebbles, but ground on the fasces so that there is no sign nor any suggestion even of brilliancy. In fact, they are entirely without luster or beauty, and to the inexperienced eye worthless pieces of glass. But when the polishing of these dull looking stones is finished, and the process concluded, there is a vast difference in the appearance of the diamonds.—Philadelphia Times.

Electricity and Leather.

Electricity is now used for coloring leather more quickly and deeply. The hide is stretched on a metallic table and covered with the coloring liquid. A pressure of a few volts is then applied between the liquid and the table, which opens the pores of the skin and allows the color to sink in.—New York Ledger.

A marble statue, life size, cost during the reign of Commodus about $1,500; in the time of Charlemagne, nearly $3,000.

The Imperial museum of Paris contains over 20,000 stone implements collected in various parts of France.

HE HAD NERVE.

Most Drummers Have, but This One Could Give Them Points.

There is one kind of merchant detestable to the traveling man, and that is the individual who knows it all and orders his goods direct from the house, instead of allowing the traveler to take his order. There is such a man in a town not many miles from Indianapolis. He has no use for traveling men, and if one of them happens to drop into his store the old grocery keeper either ignores him altogether or gives him a terrible tongue lashing. The old fellow was caught once, however, and those who have been unfortunate enough to run up against him are wondering how it was done. The man who sold him a bill of goods heard before he reached the town what a tough old customer he was, and he made up his mind to sell him a bill of goods or die in the attempt. He had been told how every scheme failed, and he resolved to try a new game—that of making him mad. He went into the store bright and early, whistling a merry tune. The proprietor was back at his desk, and the drummer "braced" the clerk.

"Where is it?" he asked.

"What, where, how?" exclaimed the clerk, half scared to death.

"The chief mogul, the high muck-a-muck, his royal nibs, his jaglets, the boss," answered the traveling man.

"Oh, you mean Mr. S——. There he is, back there."

The traveling man walked back to the desk and tossed his card over to the grocery keeper. "Is this Mr. S——?" he asked.

The grocery keeper kept on writing and paid no attention to the traveling man than if he were a post.

"Say, you baldheaded old guy, if you are deaf and dumb, why don't you hang a sign on your back so people will know it?"

The last remark brought the old fellow to time, and he opened out in great shape.

"Young man," he said, "I don't want anything to do with you, and, moreover, I do not propose to be insulted in my own house. If you are not out of here in one minute, I will either throw you into the street or call the police and have you arrested."

"The —— you will," replied the drummer. "I don't know about that. I represent the well known firm of Seizeall & Holdem of Indianapolis, and I came here to sell you a bill of goods. You have the reputation of killing a traveling man every day, simply because he is trying to earn an honest living. Everybody in Indianapolis told me that it was impossible to sell you anything. They said your currants were half flies, your cheese moldy, and that you were a back number. I told them they lied, and now, to prove that they do not know what they are talking about, I want to send in your order."

The traveling man opened up his sample case and sold a good order. His nerve did it.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

THE MAID OF THE MIST.

A Perilous Trip That the Stanch Little Craft Successfully Performed.

Everybody who has visited Niagara falls has heard of the Maid of the Mist. Her history is interesting. She was built in 1854 for navigation between the American and Canadian shores of the Niagara just below Niagara falls. She was 72 feet long, with 17 feet breadth of beam and 8 feet depth of hold, and she carried an engine of 100 horsepower. After seven years' service her owner desired to sell her. He received an offer of little more than half her cost if he would deliver her at Niagara, opposite the fort, and after consulting with her captain and pilot, Joel R. Robinson, he decided to accept the offer. Robinson consented to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, Jones, the engineer, agreed to accompany him, and a machinist named McIntyre volunteered to share the risk with them.

On June 15, 1861, in the presence of a large crowd, the little vessel left the dock, which was just above the suspension bridge, ran up the eddy a short distance, cleared the smooth water and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. When a third of the way down, she was struck by a jet of water which carried away her smokestack and keeled her over. But she speedily righted, and after receiving another drenching from the waves dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston.—New York Advertiser.

A Wonderful Machine.

A conception of the ingenuity involved in the construction of some of the finer tools now employed in various manufactures may be obtained from the following fact:

A machine for turning out watch screws was recently exhibited at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in London which was so complicated that several skilled engineers present confessed that they were unable to follow the train of mechanism, even when it was explained by the aid of working drawings!

Yet this machine, when a wire is fed to it, goes on doing its work, turning out perfect screws, and as long as the wire lasts it requires no interference by its human attendants.—Youth's Companion.

The Useless.

How much truck, for instance, most houses contain of relics of trips, shabby bric-a-brac, and so on, which has to be taken care of and is of no use to any human being, and daily life is as full as our houses of things as useless and less easily thrown out.—Mr. Talcott Williams in Book News.

It Was Either Marry or Work.

"Mr. Hardup must have used a great deal of flattery to win the heiress."

"No. He simply told her the truth."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He said he couldn't live without her."—New York Press.

SCOUT SHAVE HEAD.

AN INDIAN DUEL AT THE STANDING ROCK AGENCY.

It Grew Out of a Quarrel Over a Quarter of Beef—Crooked Neck Made a Bluff and Was Called Down—Rifles at Thirty Yards and Fight to a Finish.

"A duel which I witnessed in 1876 at Standing Rock agency, Dakota," said an old scout, "between Scout Shave Head and Chief Crooked Neck of the Hunkpapa Sioux was a performance that would have called for applause from the most critical audience that ever witnessed a Spanish bull fight. Shave Head, it will be remembered, was one of the Indian police who was killed while attempting the arrest of Sitting Bull in the fall of 1890. In 1876 I was interpreter and chief of scouts at Fort Yates, near Standing Rock agency, where I had 30 Sioux Indian scouts under my command, who were selected from the friendly bands and quartered at the military post with their families. The military authorities issued rations only to the scouts, while their families drew from the Indian agent. The beef was slaughtered on the east bank of the river, the Indians crossing in boats.

"I usually accompanied the scouts when they went for their beef. About 150 Texas steers were killed every two weeks. These were parceled out to the several bands, beginning with the larger, who would receive 12 or 15 head as their share, the next 10 or 12, and so on to the smaller bands, who would get two or three, according to their number. Lastly, single families, not members of bands, were given beef by themselves, one steer to four families, or a quarter to each. The scouts, half breeds and squaw men were among this number. The trouble which terminated in the duel between Shave Head and Crooked Neck began over the issue of beef.

"Shave Head, Crooked Neck, Charley Pappan, a half breed, and the Widow McCarty, a squaw who had been married to a white man, were given a quarter each in the last beef issued. Shave Head, Pappan and the widow immediately began skinning the beef, when Crooked Neck approached the scout, and placing his hand on his shoulder pushed him violently aside, saying: 'You belong to the soldiers. You have no right here. Go to the fort for your beef.'

"I stood not more than 50 feet away. Shave Head cast one look of defiance at his assailant and then came to me and said, pointing at Crooked Neck: 'That man has driven me away from my beef. If I was not under your command, I would know what to do, but now I await your orders. If you leave me free to act, he is not man enough to keep me away from my beef.'

"I answered that since the agent had given him a quarter of that beef it was therefore his, and he had a perfect right to take it.

"'Then,' said he, 'tell that man to keep away from me.' I answered that Crooked Neck did not belong to my company, and I had no authority over him.

"'Very well,' said the scout. 'I shall take my beef,' and rejoining the others he again offered to assist in dressing the beef, only to be again thrust away by Crooked Neck. This time he gave utterance to that savage growl which, once heard, can never be forgotten, and climbing out of the slaughter pen on the north side, and taking his rifle from his wife, he turned to the left, coming out on that side of the corral facing the river. Crooked Neck, seizing his rifle, went out of the corral on the south side, and turning to the right the two combatants met face to face on the west side of the corral. Between them was the agency wagon, which was backed up to the fence to receive the beef. The first shot was fired by Chief Crooked Neck over the rear end of the wagon. The driver, supposing that he was the object of attack, frantically whipped up his mules, leaving a clear field between the two enraged warriors, who were not more than ten yards apart. Talk about an Indian war dance! Here was executed a dance that surpassed anything of the kind I ever saw. Shave Head was the more agile of the two, jumping from side to side, rearing high in the air and again bending low down to the ground, all the time keeping his eye fixed on his foe and his gun ready for use. The corral had been surrounded by not less than 1,000 Indians, men, women and children, but when the firing began they had surged to one side, leaving the space in the rear of each combatant clear.

"The second shot was again fired by Crooked Neck, but he again missed his mark, and during the instant required by him to throw another cartridge into his piece Shave Head, who was still as a statue, took aim and fired. The ball struck Crooked Neck in the hip, which crippled him so that he had but one leg to dance on. As soon as Shave Head fired he resumed his dancing, keeping it up until his antagonist fired again, when he repeated his former tactics, pausing in his dance while he took aim and fired. This time he brought Crooked Neck down with a bullet through his breast. He fell forward on his face, his gun under him. His friends pressed forward, holding up their hands and calling upon the scout to desist. He had killed his man.

"But Shave Head was determined to make it a sure thing. First pointing his gun toward the crowd to warn them back, he advanced to the prostrate Indian, and holding the muzzle of his gun within two feet of his victim fired three shots into his head. He then resumed his dancing, and facing the crowd he moved backward to the river, and leaping into a boat was rowed to the west side, where I found him later away out on the prairie performing the Indian rite for purification after shedding blood."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The average wheat yield in England is said to be 36 bushels to the acre.

FAIR AND HIS WORKMEN.

The Millionaire Miner's Free and Easy Way of Getting Information.

Senator Fair was rarely known to discharge a miner. A parent could not have been kinder to them. Smoking was forbidden in the mines. Fair had a free and easy way of dropping down the shafts at unexpected hours and making himself agreeable. One night he smelled tobacco smoke in a crosscut. Smiling and paternal, the senator seated himself on a chunk of ore and chatted with his boys. "Dear me," he said presently, "it's really a treat to get down here among ye an away from all the business bothers on the surface. D'ye know, I'd jist like to have a smoke? Do any o' you chaps happen to have a pipe wi' you?"

Miner Smith, a new hand, eagerly drew a pipe from a hole in the rock, and his millionaire friend and employer puffed away at the cutty, and when he departed left his blessing behind him.

"Brown," said the senator to the superintendent half an hour later in his office, "discharge that man Smith who's workin in crosscut No. 3 on the 2,400. He's been smokin."

A body of rich ore was struck in a drift, and speculative reasons made it necessary to hide the news from the public for a few days. The senator, in his flannel shirt and oilskin hat, sat down with the resting miners in the drift, and picking a piece of rock from a passing car remarked:

"That's pretty good stuff. Don't you think so, boys?"

There was a murmur of respectful assent from a few.

"What do you think of it, Johnson?"

Miner Johnson, who was acquainted with Fair's ways, examined the rock critically, shook his head and said it looked barren to him. Several others did the same. Miner Murphy, a comparative tenderfoot, saw an opportunity to distinguish himself. "That rock, sir, will go all the way from $150 to $300 a ton."

"Ah," murmured the senator admiringly, "you're a miner, Murphy. You understand your business." Then to the superintendent in the office presently: "Brown, discharge Murphy from that drift. He knows too much."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

TENNYSON'S FLOWERS.

The Poet Makes Many References to Beautiful Blossoms In His Works.

Tennyson speaks of "a skin as clean and white as privet when it flowers," and truly the privet, with its prim leaves and small, white flowers, looks like a very Puritan for neatness and simplicity. References to the flowers of our gardens, of course, abound, and many will occur at once to the Tennyson reader. The rose and the lily play more than a commonplace part in "Maud," where indeed all the flowers are interested spectators of the drama. Passages such as

> A walk of roses ran from door to door,
> A walk of lilies crossed it to the bower,

from the "Idylls," might have been written by many others, and bell flowers, though we may be grateful to Tennyson for preserving the old fashioned name "Canterbury bells," are easily paralleled from many poets. Perhaps the beautiful line, "Love, like an Alpine harebell, hung with tears," deserves an especial mention. He has written a poem to the snowdrop, which is styled "February Fair Maid," and it forms a fitting part of his picture of "St. Agnes' Eve," which, as W. E. Henley has pointed out, is so dazzlingly pure in its whiteness and a contrast to Keats' brilliantly colored poem on the same subject.

Of the early spring, with its violets, primroses and crocuses, our poet is never tired and has avowed his especial love for April, being an Elizabethan in this, as in many other things, so that it is surprising to find comparatively little mention of the daffodil. It is hardly to be found anywhere, except in "Maud" and the "Sonnet to the Nineteenth Century," "Here in this roaming moon of daffodil and crocus." Perchance Tennyson felt that it had been so fully celebrated elsewhere as to become hackneyed in spite of all its beauty.—Good Words.

Heat of Incandescent Lamps.

It has been shown that cotton wool, cotton cloth and black silk would be set on fire in two to six minutes if saturated with india rubber and packed around an electric glow lamp of 32 candle power, but would not take fire if not saturated with india rubber. Captain Exler has now found that a 16 candle lamp, sunk in paraffin, reaches a maximum temperature of 94 degrees C., and a 25 candle lamp 101 degrees C. (213 degrees F.). A layer of gunpowder, ecrasite or pulverulent pyroxylin was not set on fire, but when spread on wood or other material opaque to heat rays the ecrasite melted, the gunpowder lost its sulphur, and its niter melted, the pryoxylin darkened and the wood charred. With two lamps in a cavity of wood the temperature rose to 215 degrees C., still without igniting the explosives, however. The breaking of a lamp did not explode pryoxylin or gunpowder, but fired an explosive gaseous mixture.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Eggs.

When choosing eggs, apply the tongue to the larger end of the egg, and if it feels warm it may be relied on as being fresh. Another mode of ascertaining the freshness of an egg is to hold it to the light, and if the egg looks clear it will be good; if thick, it is stale, and if there is a black spot attached to the shell it is worthless.

Michigan's Buried Wall.

The mysterious buried wall in Evergreen township, Sanilac county, Mich., is still attracting a great deal of attention. It has been traced about five miles so far.

According to the old church canons, the Christmas festival lasted from Christmas eve to Feb. 1, by which date all the decoration must be removed from the churches.

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ABRUPT CONAN DOYLE.

The English Novelist's Queer Antics In a Massachusetts Town.

Dr. Doyle, the story runs, was engaged to lecture in Morristown under the auspices of St. Bartholomew's school, and the 25 boys of the school were in a quiver of excitement at the prospect of seeing and meeting the creator of Sherlock Holmes. The head master, the Rev. F. E. Edwards, with the most hospitable intentions, invited Dr. Doyle to dinner before the lecture, inviting also at the same time Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stockton, great friends of the clergyman. Dr. Doyle declined the invitation, to the great regret indeed of the host, the two guests and four or five boys that had been specially favored by being asked to meet the big author. At the dinner hour, however, to the surprise of Mr. Edwards, he received a telephone message from Dr. Doyle at the station, announcing: "I'm here. What shall I do?"

"Why, we didn't expect you, but do come right over. We just sat down to dinner."

Swinging along, the Englishman soon appeared, but despite diplomatic coaxing could not be prevailed upon to enter the dining room. He wouldn't, he said, meet any one. No!

Although assured that only Mr. and Mrs. Stockton and four boys were present, that the dinner was very informal, he still remained obdurate.

"Can't I eat my dinner alone?" he asked bluntly.

So he ate his dinner alone, devouring several plates of roast beef and frequent relays of vegetables with lightning rapidity. Unknown to any one in the house, the brawny Englishman soon fled and was next seen in the lecture hall of the school. A large audience was present, and every courtesy was extended to him.

After the lecture, with insulting haste, Dr. Doyle pocketed the $300 fee and hastened to the train. The only person, in fact, that met the distinguished British author was Mr. Stockton, and as the author of "Rudder Grange" introduced the lecturer the latter couldn't very well avoid meeting him. But the 25 boys were sadly disappointed at not shaking hands with the hero of their imaginings. The whole proceeding of the talented author was, in fact, so foreign to what has been reported of him by men and papers that Morristown's Four Hundred are wondering whether Dr. Doyle could possibly have thought the town a jay place, and that he therefore dreaded meeting bucolic enthusiasts.—Boston Beacon.

SENSITIVE MODELS.

Publication of "Trilby" Causes Some to Resign From the Profession.

Women models have always been a little sensitive about their profession, says a writer in the Boston Herald, and since "Trilby" has been the favorite topic of studio gossip some of the best of them have felt that sensitiveness increase and have declined to pose for the nude. Child models who have been in the profession since before they could walk have been forbidden to enter studios, while women who have supported their families by posing have refused to mount the model stand.

Miss Arabella Gold, who is known as a famous figure model to the best New York artists, has recently sent in a public resignation from the profession. She wrote to one of the leading New York papers requesting that it publish the fact that she would never again pose for the figure. Miss Gold's resignation is a decided loss to the artists. She is said to have one of the most exquisitely formed figures in the world. Of late she has been posing for a number of Sarony's living pictures. In one of the most celebrated of these she represents an almost perfect facsimile of the famous painting, "Psyche."

Many models whose forms have heretofore been prominent features in the portrait exhibitions declare that they, too, will renounce the business entirely. It is not that they object to posing nude, they claim, but the notoriety which embarrasses their profession has become intolerable since the publication.

The majority of models interviewed have no read the book, but claim that Trilby, whoever she was, has seriously degraded the profession. Some spoke of her as a New York model guilty of some despicable crime. Others believed her to be a reformer.

OVERRUN WITH MICE.

A Most Remarkable State of Affairs In the Province of Kharkoff, Russia.

One of the most unpleasant places in this world to live in just at present, according to Russian papers, is the province of Kharkov, in the land of the czar. The country is now overrun with mice—millions of mice. The cats have become so accustomed to the sight of the little animals that they no longer catch them or even play with them. They are said to be a greater pest than the rabbits were in Australia a few years ago. Provisions for the table, candles, soap, books, shoes—everything, in fact, is eaten up by the animal in the nighttime. The furniture even is not spared. Sleep for many of the poor inhabitants has become almost impossible. All of them virtually have been obliged to place their beds in the middle of the rooms. Some of them even have been forced to sleep with their feet in basins of water, the Russians of that district believing that mice will not touch a person so sleeping. If these precautions are not followed, the mice dance a genuine "saraband" on the recumbent figures and on the bed and even bite the sleepers.

Almost all the wheat has been destroyed. A number of wealthy women—landed proprietors—have been obliged to abandon their homes and have gone to St. Petersburg to get away from the scourge, for such it has become.

In the fields the mice are so numerous that men kill 200 or 300 in five to ten minutes.

The Catholic Church in the United States.

HOFFMANNS' CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, the Official Directory of the Catholic Church in the U. S. (published by Hoffmann Brothers Co., Milwaukee, Wis.), has furnished us advance sheets of the forthcoming Directory giving the following statistics, showing the growth of the Catholic Church in the United States.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Archdioceses, Dioceses, Vicariates-Apostolic.	Archbishops.	Bishops.	Clergy. Secular.	Clergy. Regular.	Clergy. Total.	Churches with resid't priests.	Missions with Churches.	Total Churches	Stations and Chapels.	Universities.	Secular Seminaries	Secular Students.	Regular Seminaries	Regular Students.	High Schools for Boys.	High Schools for Girls.	Parochial Schools.	Children attending.	Orphan Asylums.	Orphans.	Charitable Institutions.	Total Children in Catholic Institutions.	Catholic Population.
BALTIMORE	1	1	149	230	379	110	60	170	116	3	5	90	8	250	8	18	90	22 000	8	850	30	26 000	235 000
Charleston	..	1	14	1	15	11	13	24	74	..	....	5	..	....	....	3	6	740	2	125	5	1 039	8 000
Richmond	..	1	30	6	36	25	24	49	33	..	....	9	..	....	3	7	21	2 401	3	150	5	3 741	22 000
St. Augustine	..	1	16	9	25	15	23	38	56	..	....	2	1	4	1	8	15	2 120	1	24	1	2 184	7 000
Savannah	..	1	18	11	29	17	10	27	50	..	....	5	1	42	....	9	14	2 103	2	142	8	2 245	20 000
Wheeling	..	1	31	4	35	25	45	70	26	..	....	8	..	....	1	6	9	1 458	3	125	5	2 100	20 000
Wilmington	..	1	23	6	29	21	16	37	17	..	....	24	..	....	....	2	9	2 000	3	202	3	2 300	20 000
North Carolina	..	1	10	12	22	8	16	24	39	..	....	2	1	7	1	2	6	397	1	7	1	608	3 100
BOSTON	1	1	337	84	421	138	48	186	62	..	1	130	..	....	3	8	100	33 410	7	767	20	35 889	590 000
Burlington	..	2	57	2	59	46	32	78	22	..	....	13	1	2	3	5	16	4 300	2	107	3	5 141	53 000
Hartford	..	1	195	19	214	102	76	178	90	..	....	60	1	21	1	7	48	19 203	3	400	5	25 000	250 000
Manchester	..	1	72	8	80	48	17	65	44	..	....	14	..	....	6	6	64	9 040	5	348	15	9 970	85 000
Portland	..	1	68	16	84	50	22	72	42	..	....	12	..	....	1	4	17	5 416	2	156	9	7 300	83 000
Providence	..	1	152	12	164	75	8	83	50	..	....	..	..	....	2	8	38	17 000	4	600	8	18 750	200 000
Springfield	..	1	197	14	211	102	23	125	10	..	....	..	..	....	1	..	29	15 979	3	346	7	16 625	200 300
CHICAGO	1	..	295	94	389	199	59	258	53	..	....	95	2	30	4	17	141	46 975	4	699	23	51 752	550 000
Alton	..	1	105	29	134	88	45	133	17	..	....	25	2	26	2	2	62	7 644	2	87	11	8 449	75 000
Belleville	..	1	78	5	83	64	31	95	19	..	....	21	..	....	1	3	57	6 472	1	43	5	6 515	50 000
Peoria	..	1	122	30	152	110	90	200	60	..	....	15	..	....	2	9	58	7 500	1	57	16	8 500	110 000
CINCINNATI	1	..	156	68	224	141	33	174	63	..	2	179	2	110	5	14	94	22 605	4	682	19	25 636	192 500
Cleveland	..	1	194	40	234	165	83	248	87	..	1	48	1	6	2	6	138	32 044	7	850	18	33 335	270 000
Columbus	..	1	73	16	89	65	33	98	35	..	1	10	1	28	1	3	39	8 413	2	276	7	8 983	55 000
Covington	..	1	60	5	65	45	27	72	67	..	....	12	..	....	2	9	36	6 687	3	145	7	7 866	46 000
Detroit	..	1	130	40	170	104	76	180	44	..	1	120	1	54	2	4	64	15 566	5	500	15	16 766	146 915
Ft. Wayne	..	1	89	52	141	88	46	134	55	1	1	..	2	....	1	12	75	9 800	2	270	9	11 375	66 000
Grand Rapids	..	1	65	12	77	54	67	121	49	..	....	41	..	....	....	....	1	44 10 328	2	180	8	10 508	90 000
Louisville	..	1	101	41	142	82	73	155	158	..	....	..	4	50	3	19	63	9 452	3	343	15	11 875	110 000
Nashville	..	1	22	12	34	21	27	48	35	..	....	9	..	....	1	3	14	1 600	2	180	5	2 595	23 000
Vincennes	..	1	123	46	169	110	63	173	37	..	1	47	2	35	2	18	95	14 000	2	200	10	17 325	95 000
DUBUQUE	1	..	233	7	240	200	50	250	110	..	....	..	..	....	1	10	109	13 276	1	102	8	14 538	150 000
Cheyenne	..	..	6	2	8	7	2	9	46	..	....	1	..	....	....	1	1	90	..	....	2	290	3 000
Davenport	..	1	94	7	101	86	69	155	112	..	....	23	..	....	1	7	37	4 800	..	....	9	5 600	56 000
Lincoln	..	1	51	3	54	49	45	94	44	..	....	14	..	....	....	4	14	2 040	..	....	1	2 340	22 150
Omaha	..	1	78	24	102	73	73	146	71	1	....	23	..	....	1	5	35	3 729	1	108	4	4 380	58 000
MILWAUKEE	1	..	226	41	267	179	92	271	27	..	1	35	5	45	6	5	142	25 553	5	427	17	27 682	200 000
Green Bay	..	1	116	13	129	111	67	178	19	..	....	8	..	....	....	1	71	11 639	4	200	11	11 890	125 000
La Crosse	..	1	93	23	116	86	110	196	43	..	....	..	..	1	....	2	63	9 026	2	160	11	9 330	75 000
Marquette	..	2	52	8	60	53	18	71	65	..	....	6	..	....	....	1	19	5 640	2	70	5	5 710	70 000
NEW ORLEANS	1	..	129	76	205	105	43	148	56	..	....	43	2	....	5	17	103	12 928	11	1439	23	16 597	325 000
Dallas	..	..	26	6	32	25	19	44	74	..	....	1	..	....	....	10	11	1 740	1	35	5	1 775	20 000
Galveston	..	1	32	9	41	29	21	50	38	1	....	10	..	....	1	6	20	3 000	2	100	7	3 240	34 000
Little Rock	..	1	20	18	38	27	29	56	37	..	....	4	1	20	....	4	30	1 550	1	10	4	1 600	10 000
Mobile	..	1	19	25	44	21	30	51	58	..	....	..	1	9	2	6	20	1 706	2	100	3	2 086	17 000
Natchez	..	1	26	....	26	24	36	60	51	..	....	17	..	....	2	5	24	1 822	2	145	2	2 877	16 000
Natchitoches	..	1	19	5	24	19	18	37	32	..	....	..	1	....	1	5	11	735	..	....	1	805	30 000
San Antonio	..	..	43	20	63	42	29	71	97	..	1	9	1	2	4	5	34	3 708	2	200	4	5 000	66 300
Brownsville	..	1	12	11	23	10	9	19	242	..	....	..	..	....	1	3	7	502	..	....	1	726	54 300
Indian Ty	..	1	10	13	23	17	19	36	95	..	....	7	1	14	1	1	....	1 081	..	....	..	1 377	12 385
NEW YORK	1	1	405	195	600	177	42	219	113	..	1	124	1	23	24	32	168	41 057	7	2 689	51	61 972	800 000
Albany	..	1	152	55	207	95	40	135	131	..	....	34	2	....	3	4	40	13 000	8	1 138	15	15 233	130 000
Brooklyn	..	1	251	29	280	107	15	122	27	..	1	80	....	....	3	18	110	29 412	14	4 004	27	36 714	280 300
Buffalo	..	1	135	78	213	113	49	162	16	1	2	130	3	63	7	17	74	20 307	5	587	20	24 042	160 000
Newark	..	1	163	60	223	104	21	125	93	..	1	32	3	30	4	16	80	28 391	6	887	22	31 790	220 000
Ogdensburg	..	1	80	15	95	67	49	116	25	..	....	11	1	3	8	8	20	3 800	1	63	4	4 263	72 000
Rochester	..	1	80	5	85	59	34	93	10	..	1	40	....	....	1	4	23	12 127	5	502	8	13 227	80 000
Syracuse	..	1	77	11	88	59	25	84	55	..	....	15	1	8	3	5	18	5 473	5	675	10	6 770	75 000
Trenton	..	1	82	16	98	67	35	102	65	..	....	..	1	4	....	8	32	7 249	1	61	3	7 676	60 000
OREGON	1	..	42	19	61	32	28	60	60	..	1	7	1	9	2	9	30	2 000	2	112	8	2 398	30 000
Boise	..	1	9	10	19	12	15	27	52	..	....	1	1	40	1	2	1	100	..	....	4	525	9 600
Helena	..	1	15	20	35	21	23	44	84	..	....	..	..	9	1	5	10	850	1	300	25	2 742	30 000
Nesqually	..	1	38	24	62	37	45	82	199	..	....	5	1	5	3	13	17	2 586	5	360	28	3 746	42 000
Alaska Ty	..	..	1	9	10	4	4	8	6	..	....	..	..	....	....	..	4	155	..	....	..	....	....
PHILADELPHIA	1	..	282	81	363	149	34	183	116	..	2	182	2	50	4	14	98	32 579	10	2 332	23	39 780	415 000
Erie	..	1	64	19	83	62	50	112	47	..	....	16	1	90	....	8	36	6 417	1	164	4	7 000	65 000
Harrisburg	..	1	58	3	61	45	15	60	33	..	....	11	....	....	....	7	32	5 550	2	....	3	5 730	40 560
Pittsburgh	..	1	176	123	299	160	55	215	76	..	1	45	5	168	4	7	110	30 495	3	625	11	32 170	206 000
Scranton	..	1	119	....	119	76	40	116	33	..	..	24	..	....	1	10	39	11 466	1	130	2	12 200	120 000
ST. LOUIS	2	..	211	124	335	159	69	228	78	1	1	54	5	138	3	19	128	22 543	3	550	21	25 625	200 000
Concordia	..	..	16	7	23	17	36	53	15	..	....	2	..	....	....	1	12	1 477	..	....	..	1 600	12 000
Kansas City, Kans	..	1	74	53	127	71	89	160	34	..	....	12	2	25	2	4	47	4 000	2	150	5	4 800	50 000
Kansas City, Mo	..	1	35	29	64	50	45	95	84	..	....	20	1	25	2	1	32	3 900	1	92	9	5 300	42 000
St. Joseph	..	1	25	20	45	26	29	55	34	..	....	6	1	10	2	4	15	2 000	2	100	4	2 659	20 000
Wichita	..	1	17	2	19	16	31	47	11	..	....	..	..	....	....	1	9	715	..	....	2	735	6 500
ST. PAUL	2	..	165	31	196	129	67	196	40	..	1	68	....	....	1	8	70	12 500	3	225	10	13 675	210 000
Duluth	..	1	25	8	33	26	18	44	41	..	....	7	....	....	....	1	10	1 171	1	....	2	1 200	23 000
Jamestown	..	1	35	5	40	35	46	81	90	..	....	..	....	....	....	3	8	260	..	....	5	750	21 000
St. Cloud	..	1	37	27	64	50	34	84	38	1	1	15	1	19	1	3	46	5 100	1	86	6	5 640	40 000
Sioux Falls	..	..	48	14	62	46	79	125	110	..	....	5	....	....	3	4	14	1 500	2	50	7	10 000	30 000
Winona	..	1	50	5	55	49	47	96	18	..	....	..	....	....	....	4	17	3 095	2	20	4	3 367	38 000
SAN FRANCISCO	1	..	117	95	212	74	38	112	45	..	....	35	2	....	8	19	60	15 000	5	1 400	16	22 360	220 000
Monterey-Los Angeles	..	2	48	24	72	43	31	74	32	..	....	1	1	....	1	9	12	1 586	8	1 000	14	3 476	80 000
Sacramento	..	1	37	3	40	33	47	80	64	..	....	4	....	....	1	8	..	....	2	270	2	1 810	25 000
Salt Lake	..	1	9	7	16	6	8	14	23	..	....	..	....	....	1	2	7	555	1	36	3	891	8 000
SANTA FE	2	..	45	10	55	36	238	274	97	..	....	6	....	....	2	6	7	1 045	1	65	11	2 542	128 000
Denver	..	1	39	36	75	41	83	124	154	..	....	3	....	....	1	8	71	3 417	2	216	17	4 484	52 215
Arizona	..	1	17	....	17	14	31	45	118	..	....	..	....	....	....	6	5	1 000	1	21	5	1 100	38 000
TOTAL	17	73	7 546	2 507	10 053	5 659	3650	9309	5 194	9	28	2 129	7	4	182	609	3 731	775 070	239	30 867	821	918 207	9 077 865

[illegible] COMFORTS.

The Fight That He Made Against All Signs of Old Age.

Bulwer's appearance was decidedly what is generally understood by "aristocratic," or what the French call "distingue." Tall, slim, with finely cut features, prominent among which was a long aquiline nose, with an abundant crop of curly brown hair and a full beard, the first impression he produced, aided by a careful toilet, was one of ease and elegance. At a dinner table, where he liked to speak, and, if possible, to speak alone, he was certainly useful as well as ornamental, with his large blue ribbon and star of the Order of the Bath. There was a certain naivete, strange as that word may sound when applied to so confirmed a man of the world, in his vain and very apparent struggle against the irresistible encroachments of age. He did not give in with that philosophical resignation which might have been expected of one so clever and in some respects so wise. He fought against it tooth and nail. Lord Lytton's hair seemed dyed, and his face looked as if art had been called in to rejuvenate it. A quack in Paris had pretended to cure his growing deafness, a constant source of legitimate grief to him. He was radiant one autumn on his return to town because he thought he was cured, but not for long. The copious use of snuff was no doubt part of the attempted cure, of which the most palpable results were large dark red or blue pocket handkerchiefs, quite out of harmony with his otherwise elegant toilet. His expressions of regret at his impaired digestive organs had something ludicrous about it. He would point with a sigh to a rosy cheeked American apple and say, "To think that there are people who can eat that!"

One of his physical infirmities—his deafness—proved a bar to his ambition. He was sorely disappointed when Lord Beaconsfield, instead of including him in his last cabinet, "kicked him up stairs" into the house of lords, principally because he could not follow the debate.—Rudolph Lehman's "Recollections."

Moisture and Temperature.

A cubic foot of air at the temperature of zero (Fahrenheit) can contain only .5 of a grain of water vapor; at 32 degrees it can hold 2.13 grains; at 65 it can contain 6.8 grains, and at 98 it can hold 18.96 grains of moisture in suspension. These figures go to show that summer air can hold at least nine times the quantity of dampness that air can when reduced to the temperature of freezing.—St. Louis Republic.

India rubber is recovered from shoes by treating with diluted sulphuric acid and afterward steaming the finely ground product under a pressure of six atmospheres. The steaming process seems to effect a devulcanization by oxidation.

GRANDMOTHER'S DOLLARS.

What Her Descendants Might Have Had In Interest From Them.

A woman recently died in a neighboring town, and besides a granddaughter and her cynical husband she left a few relatives and $80 in gold, with other things. The woman was over 95 when she died, and the $80 included her wedding presents. Like many persons in those days, she held fast to the shining eagles and had had them for nearly 77 years. When she died, of course the birds were distributed among the heirs. The cynical husband, who was married to the old lady's favorite granddaughter, mused upon the $80 in gold and stripped his thoughts of all sentiment as he speculated in his mind what might have been. He is not quite through figuring yet, and his constant query is, if grandmother had only put that $80 in the bank when she first got it, what a clutch of golden eagles we would have now! He mused on this as he got ready on cold mornings to go to work, and his favorite topic of thought was suggested as he jingled a nickel and a bunch of keys looking for his car fare. Then he began to figure that money at 6 per cent double in about 11 years, and he lost sleep as he thought how many times 11 years went into 77 years. When the cynical husband finally referred the question of his losses to a bank man, he learned that in 50 years the $80 in gold would have amounted to $1,473.60. Without figuring any further on the problem, the bank man said he would easily consider that $10,000 was lost by saving the $80.

It is not an unusual thing in some of the old banks to have an account doubled many times over and over again. One day last week in the Worcester county institution for savings an account was reckoned at $214.03 which originally was but $10.65. Nothing has ever been added to or taken from the bank account, and it was left to accumulate. It took about 50 years for the original sum to gather all that moss. There was another instance in the same bank where thirty-one times the original sum was paid to a depositor. No one wonders that somebody discovered and said that money makes money.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

Gustatory.

"I can't say," remarked the sword swallower as he dispatched a Damascus blade, "that I especially like the taste of foreign foods."

"Their dishes," rejoined the glass eater, who was partaking of a Venetian soup tureen, "are, as a rule, far from pleasing."

The human salamander tossed off three fingers of imported red fire, with a gasoline chaser, but said nothing.—Detroit Tribune.

Winnipiseogee is the "beautiful lake of the highland."

DIDN'T HAVE ANY USUAL BRAND.

How a Country Cousin Made Miserable a Newly Made Man About Town.

When an adaptive young man from the far corner of some New England or western state lives for a time in New York and absorbs enough of its atmosphere to gain the prestige of a regular boulevardier, it's pretty hard now and again to have old times thrust upon him in the person of a primitive cousin or brother-in-law, whom he is bound in conscience to entertain. A case of this kind occurred recently, in which the artless relative saw nothing but a screamingly funny lapse of memory, while the man about town found a mortification therein which was pretty hard to live through.

A complete deliverance of the bumpkin into the hands of the outfitter made him presentable, and then there was the little bachelor dinner at a Fifth avenue hotel given by the swell to all the smart men, who wanted "to meet your cousin, don't you know."

All went merry until the wine list came forth. To be sure, the bumpkin talked too loud and refused to understand any monitory wink, but then he said nothing too badly out of place.

"What wine will you have?" said the cousin, addressing him.

"Haw! Haw! I don't know, Cousin Dick, anything about the wine. You'll have to settle that yourself."

"Shall we begin on a bottle of Sauterne?"

"Lordy, how can I tell! Anything you like!" shouted the red cheeked, bullet headed youth, who couldn't make head or tail of the winks and looks of deadly warning emanating from the swell's eye.

People at adjoining tables pricked up their ears in amused curiosity, while the guests at the table looked a trifle disconcerted at the bumpkin's noise.

"What," said the swell, firmly planting his index finger on the word "Medoc" and glaring at the youth mesmerically, so that he might understand and repeat it, "do you generally take?"

"Usually!" shouted the youth. "Haw, haw, haw! Isn't that great? Usually nothing! Of course! Never see wine. How could I? You know that, Cousin Dick, as well as I do. You never saw wine at home, and now New York makes you forget all about it. Usually! Haw, haw!" and the terrible youth stretched out at full length and roared satisfactorily for about five minutes, while a sense of frozenness stole over his cousin, and the swells looked on in amused pity.

That frozen cousin is dead henceforth to family ties in so far as dining social recruits is concerned, at least.—New York Herald.

Some of the little bronze images of Chinese deities are supposed to have an antiquity of 2,000 years before Christ.

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